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IT has been wittily, if cynically, said that history is merely a myth we have all agreed to accept. For it is a truism that the exact facts concerning any human endeavor, be it on a large or small scale, are very difficult if not impossible to ascertain.

THE history of Mexico, since Porfirio Diaz stepped down and out, is a case in point. About every single event in the long series of political happenings of those years, conflicting stories have been told. So complicated has the situation grown and so difficult to understand have become the motives and ideas actuating the different factions that many Americans have given up the attempt to solve the puzzle.

AND yet it is of prime importance that this country understand the Mexican people and their troubles if we are eve to deal intelligently with them. What is called the Mexican "problem" has been a bugbear to every Administration from Taft to Coolidge —and its permanent solution does not lie merely in goodwill flights. It is necessary for us to have the facts.

IN this issue, under the title of The Red Thread in the Mexican Maze, we begin a series of articles which will do much to set forth these facts. Written by a Mexican well known in the United States and Mexico, and signed, for the time being, by a pen name, they are based not only on personal participation in many of the events described, but on incontestable documentary evidence which can be examined by anyone who is interested.

WE imagine that many of the statements in them—particularly in succeeding articles—may be hotly contested, and some of the conclusions deemed overdrawn. But we must confess that on the whole their author seems to us to have presented a truthful picture based on sworn facts.

TAKEN altogether, his articles throw real light on the Mexican situation as it is at this moment beyond the Rio Grande.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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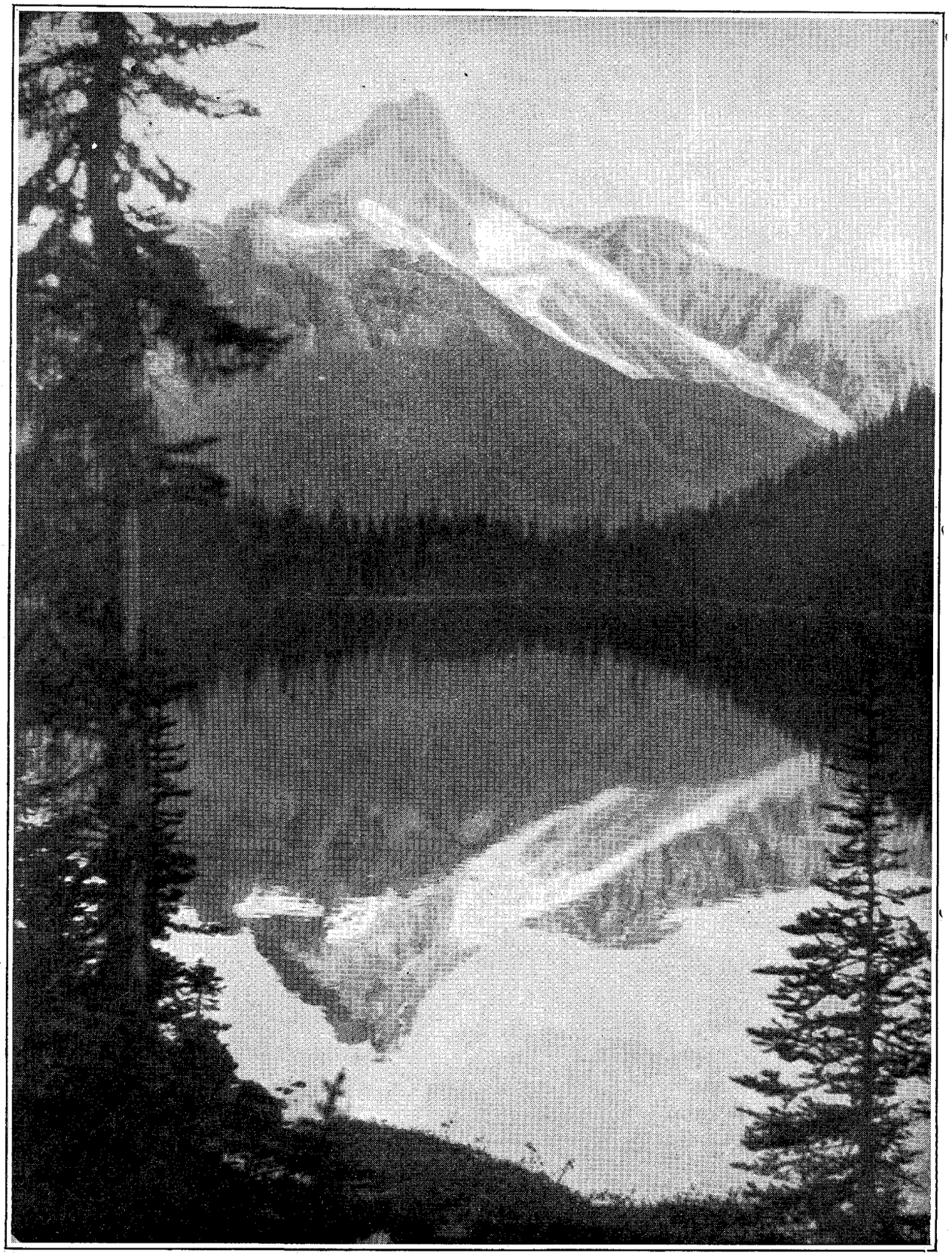

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Outlook
September 19, 1928

The Red Thread in the Mexican Maze

By MARCELO VILLEGAN

The name signed to this article conceals the identity of a man who has taken an active and prominent part in Mexican affairs, both at home and in the United States. He uses a pen name because it contributes to an impersonal attitude and, further, to protect others in this country and in Mexico.

"The fact that I use a pen name by no means represents an effort to avoid any kind of personal responsibility," he writes. "I am ready at any moment to appear before the tribunals, either of public opinion or of those having reason and right to call me to account."

He is not a Catholic. This is the first of a series.

IN Mexico a President-elect has been assassinated. Again the future of my unhappy country is as uncertain as it has been since Porfirio Diaz resigned and went into exile more than seventeen years ago.

"What is the matter with Mexico?" people in the United States try to ask. They try to "study conditions down there." But diplomatic agencies, observers official and unofficial, special representatives, missions of every denomination and kind, Congressional investigators, financial and trade experts, reports of private citizens, and books, pamphlets and articles by journalists of every character and color, fail to clear away the confusion about conditions south of the Rio Grande.

The Government at Washington has tried various theories since 1911 in dealing with Mexico, and has announced from time to time that the problem has been solved. But as one distressing event follows another, both the citizens and the Administration must begin to wonder whether a correct plan of action has been formed on accurate knowledge of all the facts.

A wider search is needed. The clues that much has been happening in Mexico are to be found beyond her borders—in the United States, in Europe, in Soviet Russia.

A red thread runs through the Mexican maze. I propose to pick up that thread and, with the reader of these articles, follow it through. When we reach the end, I shall have disposed of many misunderstandings of Mexican affairs, and I shall have done this by statements that can be substantiated by official records and verifiable documents. It will be plain that the causes of bewilderment did not lie where they were sought.

DOCUMENTARY evidence accumulated in Washington furnishes a basis for true judgment, but there are too many prone to hunt substantiation for their own pet theories or to further their own personal interest, rather than to reach just conclusions. Any attempt to lay bare the truth is met by a verbal smoke-screen of "Oil," "Wall Street," "Catholicism," "Imperialism," "Reaction," "Hands Off." Seemingly a conspiracy of indifference and silence is keeping the United States in ignorance.

The Mexican storm is not isolated; it is not even the center of the cyclone. It is only one of the many aspects of a struggle now going on the world over.

Study of current happenings gives little insight into the magnitude of the forces involved. Many things happening in Mexico and elsewhere on this continent had their origin many years ago. Now the effects are beginning to appear.

There are times when history becomes "news;" when the public, bedeviled by prejudiced opinion unsupported by facts, will welcome an opportunity to read unwritten or forgotten history in order to understand the present. Such a time has come in Mexico. Suppressed or ignored facts must be recounted concisely and supported by incontrovertible evidence.

The following lines are an effort to accomplish these purposes, hoping that representative people of the American nation will bring to bear the aid of their experience and knowledge in order to reach sound conclusions.

AT the beginning of this century a certain Vladmir Ilych Ulianov, who afterwards changed his name to Nikolai Lenin, formed in Europe a group of "professional revolutionists," hand-picked specialists in mass manipulation, strong-willed nucleus of world-wide Communist revolt.

Lenin and his followers considered Russia and the United States of America the countries where conditions appeared to be most favorable for promoting class struggle and civil war. Each country occupied a strategic position, with vast population and great natural resources, and each was unprepared to resist attack from within. In the United States free institutions offered the opportunity for unscrutinized conspiracies against the government; in Russia, absolutism had brought

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the people to the verge of rebellion.

The Communist ideal had been making headway in the United States since the Haymarket riots in Chicago, in May, 1886. Communistic direction guided the violent campaign waged by the Industrial Workers of the World intermittently in various parts of the United States from the beginning of this century, until the World War either placed their leaders under surveillance or in internment camps or drove them across the border to continue their activities in Mexico.

Conditions in the United States rendered the plan of the Communists abortive, but they succeeded meantime in establishing in Mexico their first working center in the western hemisphere.

The tragedy is that the moral and physical power of the United States has been used, without the knowledge or intention of its people, to create and maintain this menace to western civilization.

Here is the point where we begin to follow the red threads.

Mexico celebrated in August and September, 1910, the centennial of the proclamation of her independence. Official guests, commercial observers and social visitors came from all parts of the world to see the wealth, prosperity and apparent stability of Mexico and to applaud the achievements of Porfirio Diaz, the "Iron Man" who had brought his country out of chaos and made it the leader of Latin America.

In his book "Under Other Flags," William Jennings Bryan said of Porfirio Diaz:

"Education has been promoted, law and order established, agriculture developed, commerce stimulated and nearly every section of the country connected by railroad with the capital. He has been so remarkably successful and has such a hold upon all classes of people that he will doubtless remain at the head of the government as long as he lives. He has a genius for public affairs, understands the conditions and needs of his people, and has their confidence to a degree seldom enjoyed by an executive, either hereditary or elective. He recognizes as did Jefferson that popular education is vital in a republic, and largely through his efforts Mexico sees yearly increase in the number of those who are capable of intelligent participation in government."

A POPULAR belief prevails in the United States that under Diaz liberty and democracy were destroyed. They never existed until Diaz established law and order and made liberty possible. He ruled Mexico by the expressed wish of those qualified and willing to vote and by the tacit consent of the rest, which is the case of most of the elected governors of the world. He was at heart a great democrat and in this spirit he gave the people of Mexico all the privileges of democracy they were prepared to utilize.

Underwood

PORFIRIO DIAZ

Porfirio Diaz was 80 years of age on September 15, 1910. Although his vigor was declining, the Mexican people indicated emphatically their desire that he should continue in power. The Election of 1910 gave him a plurality such as no President of Mexico had ever received.

With the Vice-Presidency it was different. The advancing age of Diaz made it probable that his power would fall to the next Vice-President, and this created a scramble for the second place.

Francisco I. Madero seized the opportunity to write a book, organized a new political party on a platform denouncing the re-election of presidents, and offered himself as a candidate against Diaz.

Madero was a young man of good family. In the United States he would have been described as a "parlor socialist." The American Ambassador later gave this description of him: "Madero was regarded by those who knew him, and especially by his own family, as a man of unsound mind and dangerous tendencies. He was insignificant in appearance, halting and spasmodic in physical characteristics, stammering in speech, and unable to state any circumstance or opinion lucidly and clearly."*

No influential people paid attention to Madero's campaign; but some ill-advised friends of Diaz caused Madero's imprisonment, ostensibly because of financial difficulties in which he had been involved for years. Diaz ordered his release, but it was useless arrest of a presidential candidate is presumptive evidence of tyranny, and Madero made the most of it. He crossed the border to San Antonio, Texas, and established revolutionary headquarters to raise funds for a military campaign, which was begun in the States of Chihuahua and Sonora under the leadership of Pascual Orozco.

The forces of rebellion were recruited on both sides of the international boundary, in that zone infested by cattle rustlers, horse thieves, smugglers and bandits—a mixed lot which neither Mexico nor the United States would care to claim as citizens.

For a time Madero confined himself to raising funds in San Antonio while Orozco led the guerrilla fighting. When Madero essayed to appear in the open he met decisive defeat at the hands of the federal forces at Casas Grandes, Chihuahua. He fled back to San Antonio, and the revolution appeared to be at an end in March and April, 1911.

At this critical moment in the fortunes of Madero, the Communists of the United States came to his assistance in order to transform the political revolution into a class warfare.

From 1900 to 1906, radicals in the United States had a campaign of "direct action" with alarming success, first through the metal and coal mines of the Rocky Mountain region and then to the lumbering districts and to some extent into the agricultural areas of the northwest. Their "boring-from-within" penetrated next the structural iron and steel industries, spreading alarm from coast to coast.

In 1906, they tried their first Mexican experiment forty miles below the Arizona border, at Cananea, State of Sonora, a copper mining town of about 20,000 population. The Communists

*(S. Res. 106 66th Congress. Senate. Vol. 11 page 2256)

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promoted a strike for higher wages, which resulted in mutinies with losses of more than two hundred lives and considerable destruction of property. The insurrection was put down by Mexican forces; the United States co-operated by closing the boundary line to arms and munitions.

The leaders realized that the United States would never countenance a communist revolution in Mexico; "but," they said, "next time we will promote a revolution in the name of political freedom, and the United States will be powerless to interfere."

Taking advantage of Madero's revolution, the I. W. W., through its branch named the "Organizing Committee of the Mexican Liberal Party," with headquarters at Los Angeles, California, issued a "Manifesto to the Workers of the World," which read in part as follows:

"The Mexican Liberal Party is taking part in the present (Madero's) insurrection with the deliberate and firm purpose of expropriating the land and the means of production, and handing them over to the people——This act we consider essential to open the gates for the effective emancipation of the Mexican people——This formidable fight of the two social classes in Mexico is the first act of the great universal tragedy which will soon have for its stage the surface of the whole planet, and whose final act will be the triumph of the noble formula Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, which the political revolutions of the bourgeoisie have not been able to crystallize into fact because they have not dared to break the backbone of tyranny, capitalism and authority——Comrades, comply with your duty."

This appeal had its effect. Communists from all over the United States came to swell the "Mexican Liberator Army." The political disguise fooled both the people and the Government of the United States, and no effort was made to stop the flow of men, arms and munitions across the border. With this support the rebels were able to surprise and capture the town of Juarez, across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Texas.

It was easy for the Federal Army to recapture Juarez. But the revolutionaries had rained bullets across the Rio Grande into El Paso, and hostilities endangered the lives of its citizens.

Besides, Madero and his friends had caught the knack of publicity. Correspondents were filled up with colorful material about this David before whom the old Goliath was tottering, and such reports again misled public opinion.

DIAZ saw that his enemies could travel at will on railroads in the United States, obtain reinforcements and supplies, and retreat across the border whenever hard pressed. He saw no effort to enforce neutrality, and he naturally felt that the United States, with its army mobilized along the border, was in sympathy with the revolution.

Diaz believed that he could save his position by fighting, but that his resistance would invite intervention. Always intensely nationalistic, he desired above everything to avoid international complications. To this end, he sent to Congress his resignation, a true human document.

"The Mexican people," wrote Diaz, "who generously covered me with honors, who proclaimed me as their leader during the international war, who patriotically assisted me in all works undertaken to develop industry and the commerce of the Republic, establish its credit, gain for it the respect of the world and obtain for it an honorable position in the concert of nations; that same people has revolted in armed military bands, stating that my presence in the exercise of the supreme executive power was the cause of this insurrection.

"I do not know any facts imputable to me which could have caused this social phenomenon, but assuming, though not admitting, that I may be unwittingly culpable, such possibility makes me the least able to reason out and decide my own culpability.

"Therefore, respecting as I have always respected the will of the people, and in accordance with Article 82 of the Federal Constitution, I come before the supreme representatives of the nation in order to resign unreservedly the office of Constitutional President of the Republic with which the national vote honored me. *I do this with all the more reason since, in order to continue in office it would be necessary to shed Mexican blood, endangering the credit of the country, dissipating its wealth, exhausting its resources and exposing its policy to international complications.*

"I hope, gentlemen, that when the passions which are inherent in all revolutions have been calmed, a more conscientious and just study will bring out in the national mind a correct acknowledgment that will allow me to die carrying in my soul a just estimate of my life, which throughout I have devoted and will devote to my countrymen."

As the Vice President, Ramon Corral, also resigned, the Secretary of Foreign Relations, Francisco L. de la

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Underwood

IN THE BUSINESS SECTION OF MEXICO CITY

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The Big Boy of Hollywood

By HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

TWO years ago, with great blowing of trumpets and beating of the publicity drum the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation paraded its latest foreign conquest on these shores. This was the mighty Emil Jannings, lately of UFA productions, Berlin, and now come over to make American pictures. For some years his performances had been arousing the frantic enthusiasm of critics and other unpleasant persons, who usually high-hatted the cinema but were beginning to call Herr Jannings the greatest serious actor of his day, without even bothering to add "on the screen." For some years, likewise, American producers had been doing their utmost to lure him to Hollywood, and he had been resisting them for a number of reasons, among which were a long-standing aversion to sea voyages and a horror of prohibition.

At last he was here, and his employers, as is their custom, gave a sumptuous luncheon in New York in honor of the new foreign star. At the luncheon, as is also the custom, Jesse L. Lasky made a speech. He said that he and his associates realized the solemnity of their mission in bringing to this country so great and serious an artist as Herr Jannings, and he pledged the word of Paramount to supply him only with vehicles worthy of his art; to see to it that the pictures he made here were loftier and better, if possible, than those he had made anywhere else; or words to that effect.

And several of his listeners murmured to their plates, in the terse language of Governor Smith, "Boloney!"

Remembering what Hollywood had done to Pola Negri and other foreign imports, they had reason to fear the worst. How would this huge, heavy man, with his unromantic features and his thinning hair, fare in their treacly love stories? How would his tragic gifts survive their eternal happy endings? Two years have passed since then, and have proved the amazing fact that the speeches, for once, were not just speeches. Jannings has made four American pictures, and one of them, "The Street of Sin," is as bad as the prophets of gloom expected them all to be. The other three have their ups and downs, it is true, but when the worst is said "The Last Command" and "The Patriot" are adult and moving stories, and they give him a chance for two of the finest performances of his life.

There is no denying that on the whole Hollywood has done nobly by him and Jannings himself looks down on Hollywood boulevard, from a gilt-edged mansion lately Norma Talmadge's, and is almost entirely happy. The Paramount publicity department is now boasting that if the great man had been dissatisfied with the pictures offered him he would have gone right back to Germany. A season or two ago, however, when everybody was actually wondering if he would take the next train east, this was not so lightly talked about,—in fact, it would have been indignantly denied. But although he and the magnates have had their little frictions in the past, just now they are as full of harmony as the Democratic party.

"They have even allowed me," he says in resonant German, "to make unhappy endings." The greatest concession of the movies!

He explains a trifle pathetically that he is no longer homesick. At first, he says, he could not understand the American mind; now he seems to feel he has mastered that unknown quantity. But in practice he abstains from contact with the American mind, and after two years in this country he still has to be interviewed through an interpreter. His principal diversion here is driving very fast in his car. Even better than driving he likes eating, and his Gargantuan capacity for beer and oysters and sauerbrauten mit kloese, described in print again and again, has attained the dignity of a legend. So has his cook, whom he summoned by cable from Berlin when he found that you couldn't get koenigsberger klops in California.

His little dinners are the marvel of Hollywood. According to the privileged who have been to these functions, they start in the outer rooms, where there are tables loaded with heavy German tidbits. The guests are encouraged to wander among these, helping themselves, until they can hardly stand; then the doors open and dinner is announced. Everybody files in and on it comes, courses and courses and courses. Afterwards there is music and perhaps a movie. Then supper is served.

Against the mental discomforts of a strange land he has immured himself in Hollywood's little coterie of wistful Teutons, the dozen or so directors and actors who have left the Berlin studios, like himself, for the sake of bigger pictures and more money. He sees little of any one else. Conspicuous in his circle are the directors, Ernst Lubitsch and Lothar Mendes, with Hans Kraly, Conrad Veidt and one or two others; to say nothing of his wife, Gussie Holl. A few years ago this tolerant blonde lady was a vaudeville actress almost as well known to European audiences as Jannings himself, but she gave it up to become general manager for her husband.

In his reactions to Hollywood the prodigious Emil is not unlike these other Teuton emigres, whose sentiments were once paraphrased by some Hollywood wit. "They say: Never have we had such houses, such liquor, such salaries. Never have we been given such lavish productions. We have never been so well treated in our lives. We want to go home."

Jannings was famous in Europe long before American movie-goers had their first glimpse of him. That was seven or eight years ago, when he played the part of Louis XV in the German film "DuBarry,"—which in the United States was decked out with the box-office title, "Passion." This picture brought fat American offers to Jannings, Lubitsch and Pola Negri; Jannings alone refused, and he was not won over for five years.

Early in the interval came a string of fair-to-middling pictures with lurid names: "Deception" (American title for "Ann Boleyn," in which he played Henry VIII), "The Tragedy of Love," "The Loves of Pharaoh." But all of them were lifted to distinction during the moments that Jannings was on the screen. Then in 1924 he made "The Last Laugh," which shed world-wide lustre on the name of UFA. It was a tragedy in monotone, the subdued and altogether harrowing story of a hotel doorman who lost his job and his uniform. This flawless thing, directed by F. W. Murnau, remains to many people

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the best motion picture ever made. And these people, unlike the distributors, were unmoved by the news that the picture was a financial failure in Bohunk, Mississippi. They clamored the praises of Murnau and Jannings, while certain high personages in Hollywood reflected again that this fellow could do something if he had a story with heart throbs in it, and renewed their offers.

Jannings, however, remained in Germany. Two years later he appeared in "Variety," a harshly tragic tale of a side-show proprietor and a deceiving jade. Directed by E. A. DuPont, it was no less finely wrought than "The Last Laugh," no less cold-bloodedly true. But the difference from the box-office standpoint was essential. "The Last Laugh" was not concerned with sex. "Variety" reeked with it, and "Variety" went over with a roar. Suddenly every one heard that the star was coming to America.

This is not his first visit, as is commonly supposed. He was born in Brooklyn forty-two years ago, and stayed there ten months. His father, a German-American who manufactured kitchen utensils, was obliged at this time to take his family to Switzerland on account of the mother's health. Later they moved into Germany. Emil's intentions were not from the beginning histrionic. At fourteen he ran away to sea, signing as cabin boy on a small freighter. His dismal experience there, peeling potatoes, left him with such a lasting distaste for things nautical that years later he could hardly bring himself to board an ocean liner.

The next time he ran away from home it was to join a traveling stock company. He was now a lumbering youth of sixteen, with an unexplained yearning for the stage and a grateful willingness to do all the odd jobs of his draggle-tail troupe for wages of a dollar a week—when they were paid. Soon he was given a chance to act, and he spent the next few years in stock companies, rising round by round on the provincial ladder to fame. In 1906 Max Reinhardt carried him off to glory in Berlin.

Under Reinhardt, during the next eight years, he became one of the best known actors on the continental stage, playing Shakespeare, Ibsen, Schiller, Strindberg. When the war broke out his Brooklyn birth saved him from the inconveniences of military service, but war-time salaries pinched. It was at this crisis, in 1915, that the movies were suggested to him by Ernst Lubitsch, who was even then an old friend—he went back to stock company days.

The first part offered Jannings had its big moment when the hero jumped off a bridge. Jannings boomed indignantly about Art, and stalked out of the studio, but a few days later Lubitsch had him back again. For several years the famous Reinhardt player worked in trivial pictures, despising himself and doing it for the money—which was two dollars a day, in war-time currency. Gradually, however, the work won his interest, and he gave more and more time to the studios, until finally it dawned on him that here was his life's occupation.

Why did he refuse American offers for so long? And how, in 1926, was he finally persuaded? Hollywood answers this simply in its own simple way: "Money." Hollywood tells you crudely, in private, that Jannings came because Famous Players finally offered him enough cash.

Other people with a little more imagination have other explanations. They say that for several years the German star doubted and wavered over leaving home and the adulation which caressed him there like a swansdown garment. In Berlin he was the great and only Jannings, hailed by the crowds in the street; was it wise to leave so much for an unknown land, where he might be just another movie actor?—So they describe his qualms.

I think there is an element of truth in all these stories, though I am inclined to credit least the coldly financial one. On the Pacific coast the matter

EMIL JANNINGS

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is swathed in rumor and mystery. Every one understands that a glimpse of Jannings' contract would do much to reveal what brought him. But no one outside the inner circle has seen Jannings' contract, and marvellous legends are afloat about it.

According to one of these tales it contains a clause wherein the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation agrees to wash his three chow dogs for him once a week. Another has it that Paramount formally consents to supply him with two cases of liquor a month. The grain of fact in this fable seems to be as follows: Jannings was troubled by thoughts of prohibition, and had to be personally assured by a high official of the company that it was possible to get ample and reliable alcoholic goods in the God-fearing state of California.

Whatever the basis for the other stories, it is unquestionably true that Jannings was holding out for a contract which would give him something to say about the selection of plots for his pictures. After "The Last Laugh," when Paramount and other organizations were making strenuous efforts to capture him, he tried to bargain for the privilege of refusing uncongenial stories. And this, after observing the financial record of "The Last Laugh," was exactly what the producers did not want to give him. My account of these negotiations here follows the one given by Mr. Jannings himself, in a very little English and much German. Messrs. Lasky and Schulberg, in brief, amiably agreed that "The Last Laugh" was a critical success; a "kunstliche" success. "Aber was ist das?" asked Messrs. Lasky and Schulberg.

So things remained in the status quo until the advent of "Variety," which was not only "kunstliche," but so profitable that the magnates waited again on Jannings, and told him with tears in their voices that if he would only come he could have his right of refusal on stories and also on supporting cast. Likewise they raised the ante materially; although Jannings, being an artist, does not dwell on that part of it.

At any rate everybody was satisfied, and it was all over but the shouting—and, of course, finding a picture.

Having gotten their man with so much effort, the next question for the producers was what to do with him. In the airy offices off the Paramount quadrangle conferences seethed and simmered, while expensively tailored gentlemen labored to evolve a story momentous enough. In their first frenzy they announced it would be "The Man Whom God Forgot," a title created by Bruce Barton. But Mr. Jannings felt the same way about this that you and I do, and it was discarded.

The final solution was to retain the best features of "Variety" and "The Last Laugh," add a dash of "Enoch Arden," borrow a title from William Butler and release this potpourri as "The Way of All Flesh," Jannings' first American picture. The story was about the fall from honor of a German-American family man and his harrowing degradation; it was heavily sentimental. Jannings balked again and thought of going home. But he was no match for his employers in the fine art of bluffing, and he finally gave in.

Yet after all the picture somehow passed. More than one critic told himself angrily, "This is outrageous hokum," while tears rolled into his handkerchief. And in his review he marvelled again at the power of this man's acting, which could transcend such drivel. The directing, too, did much to redeem it.

The second Hollywood effort with Herr Jannings was not viewed by the public until early this summer. It was called "The Street of Sin," and was so bad that even he could not save it; so bad that the producers became self-conscious and did not dare release it until they had redeemed themselves by making "The Last Command." The story was something or other about a London slum bully and a Salvation Army girl, with Jannings fatally miscast to start. It is all just a terrible mistake from start to finish, and the whole Paramount organization mournfully admits it.

The lapse, however, was not due to any lack of trying, and that is one thing which distinguishes "The Street of Sin" from a thousand other bad pictures. It even goes a long way toward excusing it. The failure of this particular film was simply a failure of the huddle system. Paramount pictures are created after a long series of disagreements between the author and the adapter and the director and the head of the authors' council, with the star mixing in if he is the cerebral type of star. There are also the supervisor and, in serious cases, the associate producer; to say nothing of continuity writers, caption writers, "gag men" and whatnot, who, however, are not able to do so much damage.

They all mill around having inspirations, and occasionally they end by getting together and achieving a very good picture. But occasionally also they pull in different directions, and "The Street of Sin" was just such a sad case of the huddle failing to come through. The director had his own ideas of what the story was about, differing from those of the author. The star agreed with first one, then the other. The results were viewed in the projection room with a faint sickening sensation on the part of all concerned, and it was decided to rush work on Jannings' third picture and put it through for the date. A second director was called in to make over the work of the first, and they were still tinkering futilely with it when the third release date came around.

The interesting part of all this is that "The Street of Sin" was no better and no worse than the ordinary run of films, and if it seemed worse it was only by contrast with its high and serious intent. There is no doubt at all of the sincerity with which Paramount is trying to do its best with Jannings, and even this dismal flop, to those who know its history, is part of the evidence. The two pictures they have made since those troubled days are all, or nearly all, any one could ask. In "The Patriot," soon to be released, Jannings plays the part of the mad Czar Paul I of Russia, who was assassinated by the man he thought was his only friend. "The Last Command" is the story of a general in the imperial Russian armies who is broken and aged in the horrors of the revolution and winds up as an extra in Hollywood. Both these stories have been filmed with a most impressive sincerity and power.

In view of the I.Q. previously revealed by the cinema, this happy development seems to call for an explanation, and it has one, or rather several. The first, as Paramount officials readily point out, is the European market. In this country Jannings is a prosperous enough investment, but he does not gross as much, in film parlance, as, for instance, that famous exponent of It, Miss Clara Bow. In Europe, however, he is the biggest money-maker the company has, and it takes in forty-three dollars on the continent for every hundred received in this country. In order to hold this valuable market it is neces-

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The Transfiguration of Herman Melville

By MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

During Herman Melville's lifetime his work received little praise and much censure. But within the last few years thousands of people who never heard of him have read Moby Dick and wondered at the strange genius which produced it. Matthew Josephson, whose critical biography of Zola is to be published soon, discusses Melville and his work in this paper, the seventh in The Outlook's series of contemporary revaluations of American writers.

HABITUALLY, the books of Melville open with a ship slipping her cables and fleeing musically from the land. For earth is fatal to the ship, even though it be a tiny morsel, a shoal, a crag; and is it not apparent that "all deep earnest thinking is but the intrepid effort of the soul to keep to the open independence of her sea, while the wildest winds of heaven and earth conspire to cast her on the treacherous, slavish shore?"

We too, approaching the problems and regrets attached to Melville's personality, may use his symbolisms. So long as he swayed among the main-top sails of his whaling ships, a common sailor before the mast, a sea-farer, Melville's soul was happy and free in its utter landlessness. High up above those warm, southern waters, he dreamed in an "enchanted air." He became the poet of the oceans and of their fabulous monsters. But once grounded and shore-bound, in the spirit too, I mean, Melville's genius was lost.

In the "revival," which has taken place during the present decade, it is the boisterous narrator of South Sea adventure, in "Typee" and "Omoo," it is the at once gargantuan and quixotic creator of "Moby-Dick, or the White Whale," who has become familiar. Less known or favored is the later Melville, the earth-rooted one, who as much as Poe was a psychological "case" of derailed genius, a dark temperament, steeped in skepticism and despair, and so greatly at odds with his destiny, his sin, his God, that as these preoccupations possessed him more and more they covered his rather sunny art as with a cloud; his will became detached from all effort and reality; he became bitterly silent for the longer part of his life, and died silent.

Whenever a dead author is "revived," we must bear in mind that nothing of him has been changed. It is we, his readers, who are changed, and for whom he has gained other values. The "discovery" is a commentary upon the customs and morals of our own time. Thus a different race of Americans reads Melville now. The austerity and the rudeness of his era is gone; the present generation enjoys him as an old sea-dog, a pagan, a Triton. It is more materialistic, but it is no longer puritanical. In its imaginative moods the South Seas of Melville may well represent an "escape," and it tours them luxuriously. And if Herman Melville should arise to witness a "beauty festival" at one of our resorts would he not think himself back in the Tahiti of 1840? Would he be minded of the time when the Polynesian maidens with nothing but flowers in their hair, so many sea-sirens, swam to greet his vessel, and clambered over its bulwarks?

HERMAN MELVILLE was born in New York in 1819 and died there in 1891. His singular life almost bridges the whole 19th century of American expansion. In his youth the United States was rather a colonial territory than a great nation. The last war with Great Britain was still within the memory of every one. The rush to exploit new lands and resources was on full-tilt.

The Americans who were builders, or pioneers, or sea-farers, were not purely stupid and insensitive, as some of our popular latter-day iconoclasts have it. They required some rigorous social philosophy, still, as the early Puritan settlers did. No epicureans ever went forth to conquer the wilderness. Or if they did they were never heard of again. In the conquering and building-stage of a nation there is generally little place for the reflective spirit that breeds works of art. When this spirit does exist, in the minds of the directing class, it tends to prudence and conformity. This was the temper of most of the talented New Englanders. Thus the descendants of original dissenters became intolerant of anything suggesting "individualism"; or, regarded it as a positive menace to the slender security they knew in this rude land.

But Herman Melville by nature was not only an individualist, but a dreamer as well. And the atmosphere and environment of his age seem strictly anti-dream.

He was of Mayflower descent on his father's side, and aristocratic Dutch on his mother's. Despite poverty, his mother seems sternly genteel and domineering. Thus in his boyhood it was in fashion that Melville should belong to a "Juvenile Total Abstinence Association," as well as an "Anti-Smoking Society." But at sixteen, a tall, deep-chested, handsome youth, he must needs revolt and abjure everything.

All the movements of his youth seem infatuated and impulsive. He is possessed by prodigious dreams. His biographers accord him a "mother-complex." At any rate he flees his mother; he flees the land that is anti-dream, to "sail forbidden seas and land on barbarous coasts." It is only a voyage to England; but in the company of the wild outcasts of the forecastle, his imagination is stirred as he takes his first swigs of rum and hears their bawdy songs and chants. He returns to be a clerk, pedagogue, even something of a poetaster. A few years, and the land suffocates him. He cannot forget the taste of the sea. "Sad disappointments . . . united with a naturally roving disposition" to direct him to "the water world." He flees again, shipping this time for a whaling-cruise through the Pacific. When there is a *malaise* upon him, when he becomes grim about the mouth, and November enters his soul, when he feels himself "Ishmael"—then it is high time to get to the sea as soon as he can. In such disastrous moods, a Cato, "with a

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philosophical flourish . . . throws himself upon his sword; I quietly take to the ship. This is my substitute for pistol and ball."

THOSE whose adventurous appetites could brook no restraint, or who were possessed by overpowering dreams, could run away. Abroad, unmentionable things happened, which they may have welcomed, but of which they never spoke on their return. Melville, once returned, after four years of prodigious adventuring on the ocean and among savages, could not be silent about what he had experienced and thought. His heart sank and he felt himself truly anchorless, when he recalled the pagan lands of the Orient which had been revealed to him; the civilization of the Western World no longer touched him. At least he had lived among the elements, seen enough of the wonders of land and sea to repay his imagination. And once, in the company of a ship-mate, he had deserted his vessel and fled to the wild interior of Tahiti, living for months as the detained guest of the island natives in the jungle.

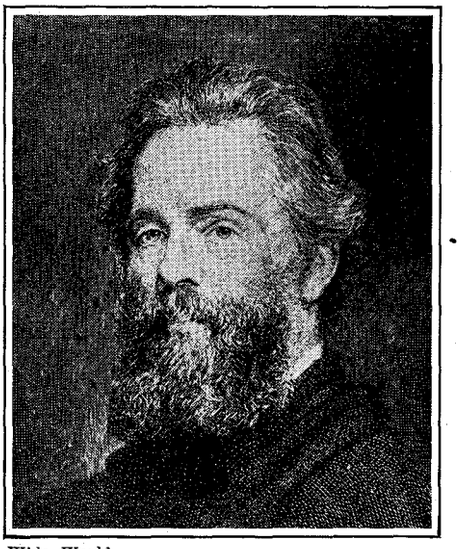
Now he was moved to write of the prodigies he had experienced. "Typee," "Omoo," are the narratives, but little garnished, of his adventures. Melville's art in the first books is ingenuous: he is a happy and effortless story-teller, and the analogy to Defoe is striking. Here and there he must give way already to his bent for extravagant rhetoric, for vigorous and imaginative observation, which is to become notable in him.

Most significant of all, at this point, are the dangerous heresies that Melville voices. In the South Seas of the unspoilt Polynesian savages he had seen an earthly Paradise; and he had vowed to tell all. He would also tell the "ungarnished truth" about the missionaries engaged in Christianizing the natives, but who were unconsciously hastening their extermination.

The Typees, reputed to be a cannibal tribe, he declares to have the most discreet and elegant manners. And the more he reflects upon their happy nakedness, their natural beauty, the more he is convinced that the term "savage" has been misapplied. For, when he considers the "vices, cruelties, and enormities of every kind that spring up in the atmosphere of a tainted civilization," he is greatly inclined to despatch four or five Marquesan Islanders as missionaries to the United States!

In the vale of the Typees there is "perpetual hilarity . . . Surrounded by all the luxurious provisions of nature," they live in a continual happiness, "that springs principally from that all-pervading sensation which Rousseau told us he at one time experienced: the mere buoyant sense of healthful, physical existence."

Living off tropical fruits, joying in their games, swimming with their young "river-nymphs," amused, mystified or regaled by their strange dances and ritual, this young and early neophyte of Rousseau and the back-to-nature movement—this enemy of nineteenth century progress, as Van Wyck Brooks has called him—castigates the civilization which the whites evilly



Wide World

HERMAN MELVILLE

transplant. In a spirited outburst he writes:

"There were none of those thousand sources of irritation that the ingenuity of civilized man has created to mar his own felicity. There were no foreclosures of mortgages, no protested notes, no debts of honor in Typee; no unreasonable tailors . . . no assault and battery attorneys to foment discord, backing their clients up to a quarrel and then knocking their heads together; no destitute widows, with their children starving on the cold charities of the world; no debtors' prisons; no proud and hard-hearted nabobs: or to sum up all in one word—no Money! . . . "

Above all there were no "withered spinsters, no love-sick maidens, no melancholy young men . . . All was mirth, fun and high good humor." The wonder is that Melville ever desired to escape from these savages who were, for him, masters of the art of living.

This accent of rebellion does not pass unperceived. The press takes him sternly to task, while the public read him as a *succès de scandale*. He is excoriated for his "cool, sneering wit and want of heart." He is accused of "presenting voluptuous pictures, and with cool, deliberate art, so as without offending decency he may excite unchaste desires." Other representatives of the era discover a "loathful lechery" in Melville's writings and charge him with "impotence" (!). He is said to have, moreover, "none of Sir Epicure Mammon's wished-for elixir," and the beauty of Polynesian women is all myth.

A third book, "Mardi," compounded of fantasy and allegory, since Melville wished now to present the savages "as they are not," instead of telling the ungarnished truth, is even more hostilely received. Enjoying an awkward celebrity as "the man who lived with cannibals," Melville completes two more books of travel and experience by 1849, "Redburn" and "White-Jacket." The former, a reminiscence of the boyhood journey to England, has visions of evil and wisdom, a Liverpool that is Sodom-like . . . The latter is a picture of life on board an American man-of-war.

MELVILLE at thirty finds himself strenuously in the midst of life. He has fallen in love and married. He has charges; he is in debt to his publisher. He must pursue the nimble bread of the writer.

There is a good deal of stress and strain, of lashing and veering about, and disordered "sounding," even like one of his familiar whales. He finds himself disabused in a good many ways; he is out of sympathy with Emerson, and the other Transcendentalists, intellectual leaders of his age, whom he can never imagine sitting down to a swig of ale with him. There are sudden passages to Europe, visits to England where he is liked, and where he raids the bookstalls. There are amazing and windy nights with German philosophers en route; lonely promenades in the rain, while his mind whirls within him. He returns with fabulous copies of the Elizabethans; he reads the Gothic novelists, Walpole, Beckford; and, alas! —it is the spirit of the melancholy

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"Monk" Lewis that will dominate him in the end.

Melville is the very figure of instability at this phase. And to the non-reflective America of the time he appears unfortunate, deluded, undignified, as he launches into a vast new work. He labors with a growing fatalism and a waning faith in his effort.

Brooding and lyrical, by turns, he deems himself a solitary spirit, the hand of all men turned against him: *Ishmael!*

"All fame is patronage; let me be infamous," he writes.

At Pittsfield, where he established his family for a time, he is the neighbor of Hawthorne and there is the interior drama of Melville approaching the great, inscrutable man with longing, and being delicately repulsed. He must go to New York to bury himself in a third-story room and work and slave on his "Whale" (Moby-Dick), he tells Hawthorne.

" . . . I am so pulled hither and thither by circumstances. The calm, the coolness, the silent-grass-growing mood in which a man ought to compose —that, I fear, can seldom be mine. Dollars damn me . . . What I feel most moved to write—that is banned."

"Moby-Dick, or the White Whale" was to be a compendium on the whale fishery, with a strain of narrative; it was to be a piece of *hackwork!* But now Melville writes at a more desperate pitch, or as if on a great wild lark. Those headlong prose rhythms, touched only in the fits and starts of "Mardi" and "Typee," now possess him completely. A magician, he wraps himself in eloquent gusts of language; he composes with towering passion. Was Melville drunk when he wrote "Moby-Dick" in his gloomy back room, alone in New York? What a pity, then, that he had no contemporaries to applaud such high moods, to cheer him along his way.

"Moby-Dick" is the epitome of Melville's sea-personality. It is his Promethean outburst against the poisons and deceptions of the land. For he is now immolated in "Conventionalism and Commonness." All of him, save his heroic imagination, is grounded.

"Call me Ishmael," he cries, and he is off with a boatload of ruffians for that watery world in whose "landlessness alone resides the highest truth, shoreless, indefinite as God—"

Despite its teasing asides, its hilarious excursions into the statistics of the whale, its blubber, its oil, its lashless eye and riddled brow, "Moby-Dick" becomes a seaworthy, time-resisting epic of the ocean. It is an odyssey across the globe in chase of the symbolic "white whale," who suggests in turn a Fate, the spirit of Evil, or of immortal virility. "Moby-Dick" is in the purest traditions of the English language: the long, apparently random, periods form an essentially poetic prose that, touching all the notes of great literature, clings stoutly, nevertheless, to an interior plan, a marching-order. Here Melville, with a wild and comic eye, with a great breath gives himself to all the varieties of humor, lyric in-

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"There She Blows! It is Moby Dick!"

vocation, Sheakespearean clownery, allegorical sorrow.

But the partisans of "Moby-Dick" are many now, though it had few friends in its time. It is named in the same breath with "Pantagruel" or "Don Quixote": the sole epic America has produced.

Much as has been said of the "decay of Melville's creative faculties" thereafter. Was there a decay? One feels rather that, infatuated with certain ideas as to his inherited temperament and his destiny, Melville at this point underwent some profound inner change. Baffled or resigned, melancholy or irresponsible, he suggests from now on one of those solitary and "dangerous" characters of literary history, Blake, Poe, Baudelaire, Rimbaud. Entering the house of Melville, and examining the evidence still to be seen—all the smashed and broken objects—we have inevitably the sense of a bitter and lonely struggle that has taken place within these walls, one that led logically to a kind of abjuration of everything.

BIOGRAPHERS have thrown little light on this second and final stage. The key to it, I am convinced, lies in "Pierre," and the later fragments.

Melville is aware that for a public success he must write "the *other* way," express, somehow, the complacency of the common novels of his epoch. He has a growing sense of isolation, of opposing the hosts of "Commonness and Conventionalism" and "Worldly Prudent-mindedness." And in "Pierre, or the Ambiguities," he had written a problem novel whose theme approaches the dangerous one of Shelley's "The Cenci," one that attacks existing institutions and offers the case of a moral conscience in arms against the proprieties of the Philistines. Unhappily this interesting tract or confession is cast in the rather theatrical colors of Mrs. Radcliffe; preceding the trend of Flaubert and Ibsen, in a remarkably prophetic, if incomplete manner, it begot a brutal reception which effectually ended the career of its author.

"Pierre" is himself imagined in revolt against society. It sounds gloomy chords. The author broods upon those "subterranean rivers flowing through the caverns of man," and on "the relentless law of earthly fleetingness . . . " He is convinced already of the "mere imaginariness of the supposed solidest principles of human association." He sees that:

"All the world does never gregariously advance to Truth, but only here and there some of its individuals do; and by advancing leave the rest behind; cutting themselves further adrift from their sympathies . . . and making themselves regarded with downright fear and hate. What wonder, then, that those advanced minds should often be goaded into turning round in acts of wanton aggression upon sentiments and opinions now forever left in their rear."

And now Melville (always assuming "Pierre" to be intrinsically confession) imagines himself Hamlet; or now Dante, exiled and having received "unforgivable affronts" from the world, bequeathing "his immortal curse to it."

When the truth bursts upon his hero, and the fatal path is chosen for him, he exclaims in the accents of "Moby-Dick":

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The World This Week

The Secretary and the Prince

Secretary Kellogg has visited Dublin, avoiding London, on his way home from Paris. The Prince of Wales has started for Africa to shoot big game. The two events were in no way dependent on each other—but there is a certain relationship between them.

The fact that an American Secretary of State skirted around Great Britain to go to the Irish Free State has caused a considerable flutter in governmental and editorial offices abroad. Observers insist on seeing in it a far deeper significance than a return of the visit of President Cosgrave to the United States, and they are equally unsatisfied by the explanation that Mrs. Kellogg and Mrs. Sterling, the wife of the Minister of the United States, are very good friends.

The Administration at Washington must have been offended by the Anglo-French naval accord.

Secretary Kellogg must have intended to show Great Britain that the United States considers the Dominions as important as the mother country, and chose Ireland—to whom England can hardly be considered more than a step-mother—for a demonstration.

This is the interpretation that some British papers have put upon the incident; and it is one which Englishmen take seriously to heart. They think that the Dominions no longer represent fields for British expansion, and that their energies must turn to the Crown colonies. That is the meaning back of the hunting trip of the Prince of Wales, which is expected to stir up interest in Kenya, Rhodesia, Tanganyika, and Uganda.

None but the Irish editors themselves seem to have hit upon the idea that perhaps—in a campaign year when the Democrats have nominated an Irish-American candidate—a Republican Administration may have considered a trip to Dublin by Secretary Kellogg not a bad play for Irish-American votes. And they wonder how he liked the Al Smith posters there.

Labor's Policies

Contrary to the practice in Europe, where almost universally organized labor has organized its own political parties or factions, organized labor in this country stands outside of party divisions. This does not mean that organized labor here does not advance its interests by political methods; it means rather that organized labor prefers to throw its weight to whatever candidates, local or national, will advance its interests. William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, stated this policy in a Labor Day speech near Cleveland.

"Labor possesses a potential power in the political and economic fields," he said. "If this power can be made accurate and can be centralized, I am sure that the balance of power upon such decisions as may be made can be exercised by labor."

Mr. Green also stated organized labor's new attitude toward production. It now recognizes that increased incomes and better living depends in great part on the increased production of wealth. But the corollary is also true. He stated it in these words: "Wages must keep pace with our increased power of production and must correspond with the requirements of the American standard of living. . . . One of the chief objectives of Labor is the establishment of the five-day work week in all lines of industry. This great economic reform is made possible through the installation of improved machinery, the development of skill and science, and an increasing use of electrical power." Insisting on the need of a corresponding increase in "consuming power, to stimulate the use and consumption of manufactured commodities and to enlarge and increase the margin," he concluded, as a consequence: "The theory of low wages and cheap production has been exploded."

He noted that the installation of new machinery also resulted in the displacement of men and women and thus caused unemployment. New industries and social needs absorb those unemployed in time; but the problem becomes acute when no new industries arise. Mr. Green therefore suggests appropriations for Government public works to be spent in times of unemployment.

Recognizing that the injunction had proper uses to prevent the irreparable, he protested against the injunction as an instrument to prevent free speech, free assembly and free press. He also protested against contracts forced upon workers to prevent them from joining the trade unions of their choice.

Henry Ford for Hoover

In two recent interviews Henry Ford has elaborated his reasons for supporting Hoover. One of these interviews was with Jay G. Hayden for the North American Newspaper Alliance; the other was with a special correspondent of the New York "Times." In both interviews he emphatically supports Prohibition as a settled question and bases his approval of Hoover on the fact that he is an economic or social engineer.

Mr. Ford believes that the American people "are not going to go chasing after a barrel of beer." He believes that the nations of the earth are headed against the drinking of liquor. He would leave the law as it is and let industry enforce it.

He sees a revolution in industry under way. "We are just on the threshold," he says in one interview, "of what I would call the 'industrial and comfortable age,' and Mr. Hoover will be its first great Government leader. . . . You know real statesmanship is the business of clearing the way for what God Almighty is going to do. . . . The old science of government as practiced by politicians is a thing of the past. The new science of government calls for engineers—social engineers." It is because Mr. Hoover is an engineer with imagination to see the industrial age to come, more human and more just than the present age, that Mr. Ford supports him.

"Addresses"

A little black book has been introduced into the current inquiry into the prohibitive nature of prohibition in Philadelphia. Its title is "Addresses." It is a directory—on the word of District Attorney Monaghan—of the personnel of the local bootlegging industry.

It lists alphabetically every bootleg-

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ger, racketeer and gunman in the city. It contains the names of alcohol runners and the names of policemen who have been paid to protect their trucks. It names detectives, police officials and lawyers for the defense. The little black book, in brief, tells the familiar story of the alliance of crime, politics and police.

After eight years of prohibition the machinery of the bootlegging industry is as complete as its personnel.

It has a court where high, low and middle justice is dispensed. It has $10,000,000 in the bank and million dollar plots of real estate. It has a supply house where its gunmen are equipped with machine guns, sawed-off shot guns, silencers and bullet-proof vests. It has a target range where gunmen perfect their marksmanship.

So runs the story of prohibition in the City of Brotherly Love and the headquarters of the Hon. Bill Vare's political machine.

▸▸*Smith on Religion*

THE religious New Year of the Jews is now celebrated in the autumn. Governor Smith has taken this occasion not only to reiterate his belief in the separation of Church and State as "a fundamental American principle," but also to express his conviction that "the pursuit of virtue sanctioned by religion is at the basis of any civilized state." This is Governor Smith's message to the Jews:

"Following my annual custom as Governor, I desire, with the approach of the high-holy days, to wish my Jewish fellow-citizens a good and prosperous New Year.

"The conception underlying the Jewish observance of the New Year has always appealed to me. It is a day of self-examination with a view of correcting one's shortcomings in the year to come. It is not a day of carnival, but rather of the religious spirit.

"This is the spirit which animated the original settlers of our country—Puritans, Quakers, Catholics, Baptists—and all the other denominations which came to our shores to seek freedom to worship God according to their own conscience.

"The separation of Church and State is a fundamental American principle. The pursuit of virtue sanctioned by religion is at the basis of any civilized state. Because the Jewish people have a genius for religion they have made their great contribution to civilization from which men and women of every race and creed have benefited.

"May the New Year bring to all of us a better understanding based upon respect for our differences and the recognition of our common humanity."

Ding in the Atlanta Constitution

COUNTING THEIR CHICKENS

▸▸*Smith Men*

THE "whispering campaign" which few candidates for office escape is apparently troubling friends of Governor Smith. They are preparing a reply to Catholic-Tammany "whispers" which will show the political and religious affiliations of Smith men in New York State departments.

So far, the survey discloses three Catholics, ten Protestants and one member of Jewish descent in his cabinet of fourteen. Eight are Republicans, four are Democrats, two are Independents.

Among twenty-five heads of State Departments, eleven are Catholics, fourteen are Protestants. Eight are Republicans, fourteen are Democrats, three are Independents. Among 156 State officials whose appointments are approved by Governor Smith, thirty-three are Catholics, 105 are Protestants, eleven are of Jewish descent, seven are undesignated. Seventy-two are Republicans, fifty-eight are Democrats, nine are Independents, seventeen are not designated.

▸▸*A Creed for a Church*

A NEW church is going up on Riverside Drive in New York City. Its chief backer is John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; its pastor will be the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick; its faith will be "communal."

Weed in the N. Y. Evening World

PERPETUAL MOTION

In a pastoral letter from Germany, Dr. Fosdick has suggested what shall be the relation of his church to the community.

"We cannot," he writes, "hope to succeed if we merely or mainly hand down to the community on Morningside Heights a program of serviceable activities, however generous or well devised. The community to which we go is not primarily recipient but active; it is accustomed to doing things rather than to passive acceptance of things done for it. To put the thing in a nutshell, our policy must be not so much to do something for the community as to let the community do things for itself with the benefit of our facilities and the help of our support.

"What we shall need the most is clairvoyance; we must see the places where we can be a focus of expression for the community's cooperative spirit. What we shall need next is genuine unselfishness; we must be interested primarily not in our own prestige and proselytism but in the community's good. What we shall need next is breadth; regardless of creed, church, race or religion we must welcome from the community cooperators to do what needs to be done."

This modest declaration of faith was printed in a modest place in a New York newspaper. The front pages are reserved for the bellowings of the political parsons.

▸▸*Doubting Lutherans*

EDITORS of Lutheran papers will not advise their readers how to vote but they do mean to deal with the so-called

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religious issue. The reason is set forth in the following statement adopted at a meeting of the National Lutheran Editors' Association:

"If the issue were purely political the church papers could not be particularly concerned about it. If it were a matter only of the personal religion of the candidate it would be contrary to the spirit of our Constitution to prejudice a man because of his church affiliations. The situation, however, is peculiar because of claims, teachings and principles of the Roman Catholic Church which are antagonistic to and irreconcilable with the fundamental principles set forth in the Constitution of our country concerning the separation of Church and State, such as: the opposition of this church to the toleration by the state of any religion other than the Roman Catholic; its denial of the right of individual judgment, liberty of conscience and freedom of worship; the claim that the worldly government is in duty bound not only to assist, support and protect exclusively the Roman Catholic Church, but to suppress, if necessary, by force, every other religion. Allowance may be made for the temporary suspension of the actual enforcement of such claims and principles, but they are recognized ideals, the realization of which must be the aim and constant endeavor of every faithful Catholic.

"The situation is further peculiar because of the allegiance a faithful Catholic owes, according to the teachings of his church, toward a foreign sovereign who claims supremacy also in secular affairs and who has world-wide political interests of his own which may severely clash with the best interests of our country."

One of the scenes we would like to witness is the Pope giving orders to Governor Smith. Men who have had contact with him can tell the doubting editors that he is not a taker- but a giver-of-orders.

▸▸Crop Forecasts

THE Catholic Central Verein of America says collectively what not a few men have said individually—that the crop forecasts issued by the Federal Government, ostensibly designed to benefit the farmer, actually benefit the speculator and injure the farmer and ought to be abolished. The Verein made this announcement by resolution while in annual session at St. Cloud, Minnesota.

For fifteen years or more, the American Cotton Growers' Association and other organizations of producers of speculative crops have periodically denounced Government crop forecasts and demanded their abolition. The United States Department of Agriculture has always felt, however, that the growers of crops not so highly speculative were enthusiastic supporters of the forecasts.

The crop correspondents who furnish the information on which crop forecasts are issued, constitute the largest of all organizations of Government agents, not excepting even the Weather Bureau which has its observers in every community in the United States and in the islands and on the oceans adjacent. In the general search for means of affording agricultural relief, it would be worth while at least to see what truth there is in the recurrent charge that farmers are injured by the largest of all the agencies established for their benefit.

▸▸Jews and the City

THE Jew is still a city dweller. Excluding those who do not profess the racial faith, there are in this country 4,228,029 Jews. Nearly half of that number live in New York and a million more live in ten of our largest cities. These statements are based on a survey made by the American Jewish Committee.

The figures for the various big cities follow: New York, 1,765,000; Chicago, 325,000; Philadelphia, 270,000; Boston, 90,000; Cleveland, 85,000; Detroit, 75,000; Baltimore, 68,000; Los Angeles, 65,000; Newark, 65,000; Pittsburg, 53,000; St. Louis, 50,000.

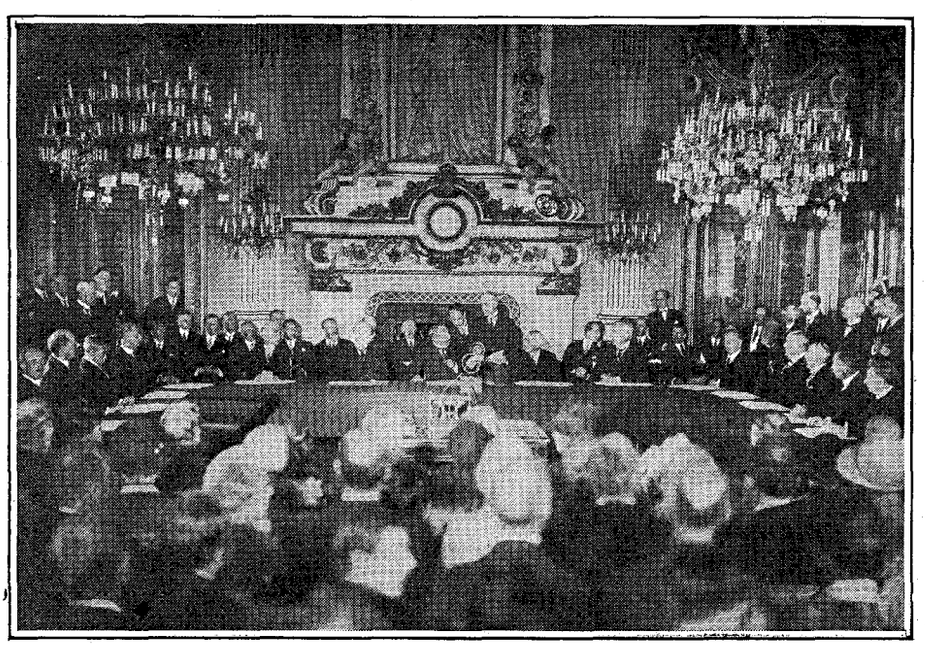
The figures were computed on the basis of the number of school children who were absent on the Day of Atonement. Consequently, the actual Jewish population may be much higher.

Rural and small town Jews comprise only 2.6 per cent of the total for the country, but it is reported that there is an increasing drift into rural communities.

▸▸Man Outspeeds Gravity

A MOST interesting experiment was recently performed at Wright Field in an effort to ascertain how rapidly a man falls toward the earth when dropped from a great height. It was found that the velocity was decidedly lower than theory called for, and perhaps lower than most of us would guess. As the question is one which is frequently heard a note may prove of interest.

Were there no retarding atmosphere the unfortunate man would fall sixteen feet the first second, sixty-four feet in two seconds, 256 feet in four, 1024 in eight, and so on, the distance increasing geometrically (as the square of the time elapsed) so that his earthward velocity would soon become enormous. It happens, however, that in falling the



Underwood

SIGNING THE PEACE PACT
In the Famous Clock Hall at Paris

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man is rushing through the air, whose resistance acts as a brake. Thus there soon comes a time when his velocity is no longer accelerated. This "terminal velocity," it was found at Wright Field, was less than 200 miles an hour and it was reached after the man—or rather a dummy of man-size and weight—had fallen 1600 feet.

The highest speed of any existing pursuit plane today in a vertical dive is about 300 miles per hour. Therefore it should be possible theoretically, though not very practically, for a fast plane actually to dive and overtake a passenger who had fallen overboard.

The Wright Field experimenters concluded that a man taking a forced parachute jump from a high speed pursuit plane would actually slow up to a considerable extent, due to his own atmospheric resistance, before he had even opened his parachute. In an unnatural element—the air—man has not only far outdistanced the birds but even gravity. And all in twenty years.

▶▶Last Trek

THE government authorities of South Africa use the phrase "the last of great treks" in describing the present move southward of the Boers who settled in Portuguese West Africa just after the end of the Boer War with Great Britain. This movement, however, was only one of several at intervals during more than a century by which the Boers moved northward as they were annoyed by the incursion of the English in South Africa. The "Great Trek" started in 1836. The Boers were angry at the English opposition to slavery of the natives; also they were puritanical and narrow to an almost inconceivable extent. The total distance traveled by these various treks was about 2,200 miles and much of it lay through dangerous and barren country.

The northern waves of the discontented Boers established in turn the Orange Free State and other countries that now form parts of the Union of South Africa. The Boers were in South Africa in the fifteenth century and were, of course, of Dutch descent.

There are some 2,000 of the Boers who have now returned to the ancient starting place of their people. They have never been quite at home in the Portuguese settlements and the farming conditions there were not suitable to their needs. Negotiations have been going on between the government of the Union of South Africa and the young and active element of what has been known as the Angola Boers; the latter have accepted very favorable terms, including a separate farm for each family, to be paid for by installments, and provision for houses and farm stock.

Thus ends apparently the long continued unwillingness of the Dutch Boers to accept modern conditions of life and representative government.

Underwood

SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO THEIR DEAD LEADER
Obregon's Followers Pledge Themselves to Carry Out His Ideals

▶▶Silencing the Noisy Airplane

Now that aviation has reached the stage of its development where there are nearly five thousand airplanes in the United States, so many that only a part of the people any longer take the trouble to rush to the window to gaze at one passing, aeronautical engineers are beginning to pay some attention to the matter of muffling or silencing the exhaust of the motor. Heretofore the airplane motor has been allowed to exhaust directly into the air. This, of course, eliminates losses in energy corresponding to those which occur in the silencer of an automobile motor.

There was a time when muffling the motor of the car brought about quite an appreciable loss of power. Today, thanks to refinements in design based upon much scientific research on gases in rapid motion in the laboratory, these losses are unimportant and motor cars are seldom the nuisance they were, on that score, a dozen years ago. Of course, the airplane designer who silences his motor wishes mainly to protect the passenger from deafening noise, not those below on the ground level, but a time can be foreseen, and not far off, at that, when the latter consideration will have equal weight with the former. Already in certain localities the nuisance value of the airplane has become an acute question. The silencer applied to the motor adds about twenty pounds weight, and there is one type, working on the "Venturi tube" principle of the physicist, which is said actually to increase the power of the motor. Isn't there noise enough on the level without adding a third dimension to noise?

▶▶Another Use for Helium

THE expectation that divers will be able before long to descend to depths as great as 600 feet—more than double the present working limit—is derived from recent experiments conducted with helium gas at the United States Bureau of Mines, with the co-operation of the Navy Department.

Common air is a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen in proportion roughly one to four. It is not hard to exclude from air all but the oxygen, which is the only part man actually consumes, and then substitute helium for the nitrogen. But why the substitute? Because the practical working capacity of divers is limited by the rate at which they can make their slow descent and especially

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their painfully slow ascent—two hours for a 200 feet rise—and because helium cuts this time of ascent to about one-fifth.

When a diver goes down the nitrogen in the air supplied to him dissolves in his blood; but when the pressure is later released on his ascent the nitrogen separates in the form of little bubbles remaining in the blood stream and only time will suffice to get rid of them. It is this time requirement that makes deep sea diving so slow. Helium, which has smaller molecules that move three times as fast as those of nitrogen, diffuses more rapidly than nitrogen and thus escapes into the lungs and from the body much faster. This permits a more rapid ascent—several times more rapid.

The actual tests at the Bureau of Mines were first made on rats; then men were placed in immense steel drums having thick glass observation windows and subjected to the pressures identical with those undergone by deep sea divers. The experiments are still being conducted, chiefly, now, by the Navy Department. The effect of the use of helium on any future submarine rescue work is likely to take the form of a very practical gain—possibly the difference between life and death.

▸▸*Billboards in Massachusetts*

Ten years ago Massachusetts, by a big popular vote, amended the state constitution to permit local control of bill board advertising on public land. A law was passed making billboard advertising subject to general rules of the Department of Public Works. This law was to go into full effect three years ago.

The able attorneys of billboard posting companies have attacked this law on the ground that it deprives them of property without due process of law. They have secured temporary injunctions against the Massachusetts Department of Public Works and specifically against the department of the town of Concord which has led the fight to carry out the purposes of the law. The billboard companies are seeking to have their temporary injunctions made permanent. At present a master appointed by the Supreme Judicial Court of the state is holding hearings on the facts. These hearings, thanks largely to the lawyers, have dragged on for over two years.

The state's side of the case will be presented just as soon as the billboard companies have had their long drawn out say. After that the master will make his reply to the court and in due time Massachusetts will have its answer to its fight for beautiful high-roads. If the state court upholds the billboard companies doubtless there will be a further appeal to the Supreme Court at Washington.

The town of Concord has stood in the foreground of the present fight. Concord, it seems, has not lost its revolutionary fire nor its courage.

▸▸*Bootlegging Typewriters*

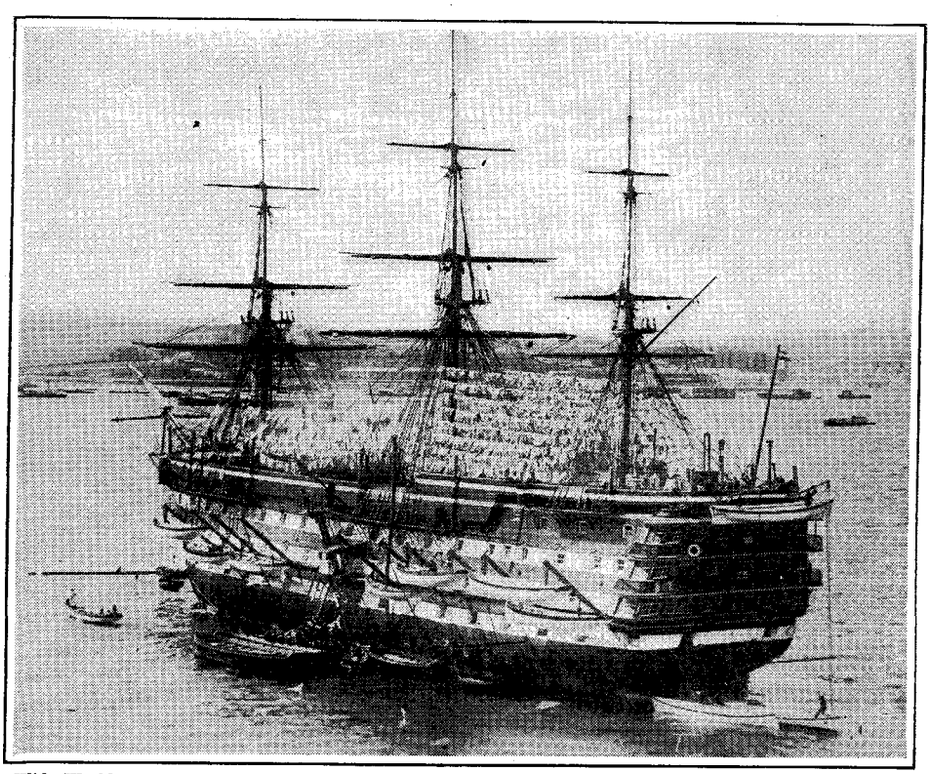
It is said that the bootlegging of American typewriters in Canada has been a profitable small business until quite recently when the Canadian customs officials closed down on it. It is not claimed that anybody engaged in this business exclusively, but that a considerable number of people who live not far from the border and are in the habit of making frequent trips into Canada managed to pay most of their traveling expenses by this means.

There is an ad valorem duty of twenty-five per cent on American typewriters taken to Canada for sale. Americans who took typewriters into Canada ostensibly for their own use formerly were permitted to go unmolested—until it was discovered that many of them came back to the border without the machines. The profit of $25 or so realized on a duty-free typewriter was of considerable help to the individual visitor—and, collectively, a considerable drain on the Dominion treasury. Now the man who takes a typewriter into Canada on any pretext either pays the duty or undergoes the troublesome routine of frequent checkings-up.

▸▸*Lake Ontario Wins*

The recent Marathon swim off the fair grounds at Toronto was a contest between human flesh and icy water—and Lake Ontario won. Soon or late, it reduced the whole of the two hundred to gasping, quivering defeat. Some it tossed unconscious and half dead upon the sea-wall. Most it sent to the hospital to lie quaking between warmed blankets, to suck hot brandy through clenched teeth; or to be restored, if possible, by hypodermic injections.

Pitted against the impossible, not a few of the swimmers achieved an approach to the heroic. There was plenty of thrill when Hubbard sped through the gap in the breakwater ahead of the herd; when Norman Ross collared him and took the lead; when, four miles further along the course, George Young fought Ross into surrender; when Vier-



Wide World

H. M. S. IMPREGNABLE
Long Used as a Training School and now to be Broken Up.

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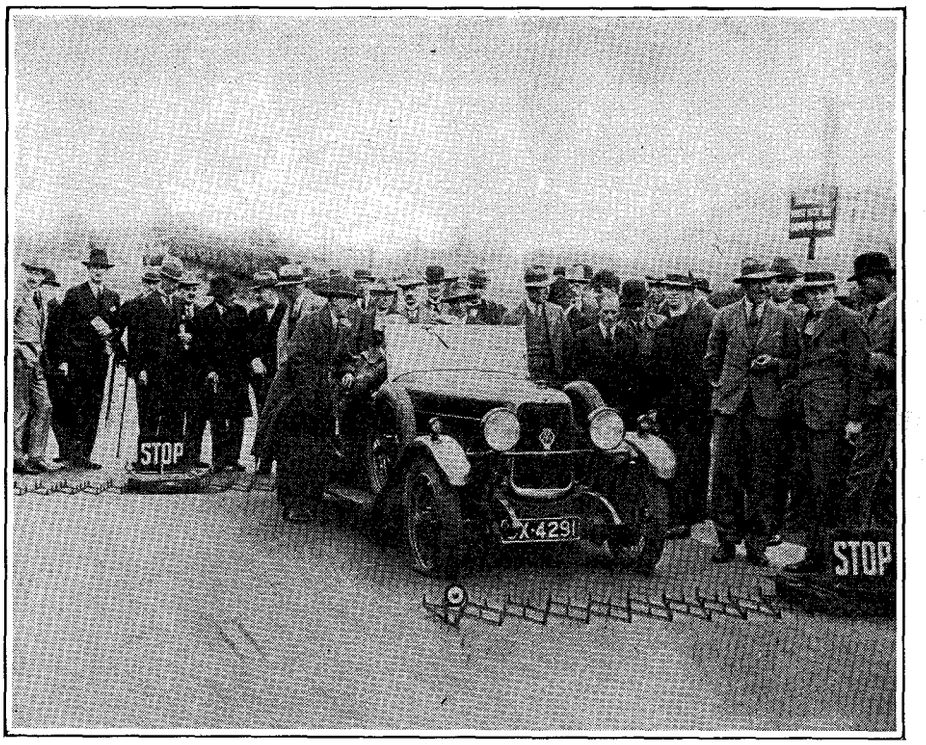
koetter forged to the front and the hero of the Catalina raised the white flag and made for the breakwater; when the fighting German's flailing arms failed and he too passed out; when Georges Michel, last survivor of the two hundred, fought on through the night for the glory of France and was hauled out frozen, after eleven and a quarter hours, from water which had subdued his toughest competitor hours earlier.

The German manifested, for a while, the greatest speed. The Frenchman displayed the greatest endurance. The American, Ross, and the Canadian, Young, staged come-backs which, in warmer waters, might have carried either to victory. No man won the race because no man could live to finish it. It was not a contest between swimmers but between human endurance and the forces of nature. Lake Ontario, said to be warm enough for swimming for only two weeks in the year, grew suddenly cold—and saved $50,000 for William Wrigley and the Canadian National Exposition.



Underwood

A NEW MOTOR BANDIT TRAP

This Spiked Arm Can Be Moved Out Across the Road to Puncture the Tires of an Escaping Car

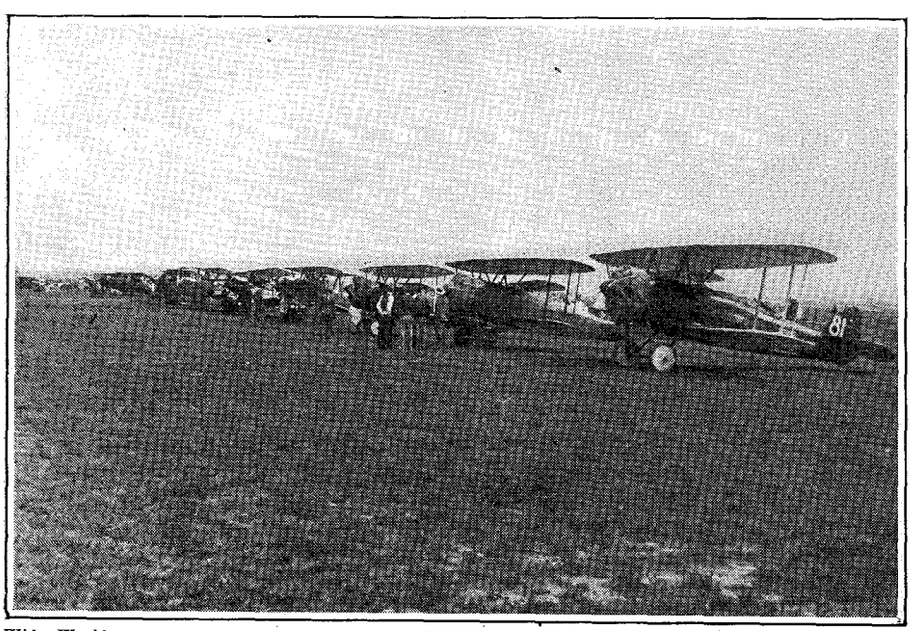
▸▸*By Plane and Pullman*

THE plan of flying by day and sleeping by night is already under trial by the Pennsylvania Railway System and an air transportation company. One account of the first paid service after this fashion states that a "grain broker hurrying westward to complete a business deal, a woman hastening toward New York to catch a liner for Europe and a father eager to reach the bedside of his sick child were among the first passengers."

Already a second combination for a different route has been announced by the New York Central Railroad.

How the system works is shown by imagining a passenger leaving New York from the Pennsylvania Station at 6:15 p.m., Monday, on a Pullman, reaching Chicago at 2:05 p.m. Tuesday, flying that afternoon to St. Paul or Minneapolis, and there taking train for far western points. This is only part of the schedule proposed for the near future when a connecting air route for the far West is arranged, but the saving of time at Chicago and the fact that the four hundred miles from Chicago to the Twin Cities is made in four hours by air as against ten hours or more by rail, allows a material gain in total time.

Other combinations of air and rail may easily be thought out. The future of this kind of through travel will depend largely upon the cost of the service to the individual passenger and the number of passengers that can be accommodated.



Wide World

READY FOR THE START

Some of the Planes Ready to Leave Roosevelt Field in the Transcontinental Air Derby

▸▸*Roald Amundsen*

THE positive identification of a pontoon found at sea about twenty miles north of Tromsoe as part of Amundsen's airplane has led to the almost certain conclusion that the famous explorer, with his comrade Captain Guilbaud and their companions, are lost beyond hope. Yet there are those who think that they may still live, and the search continues. The rescue of Hassell and Cramer after two weeks of struggle on foot over the Greenland ice shows the possibilities of survival in the Arctic.

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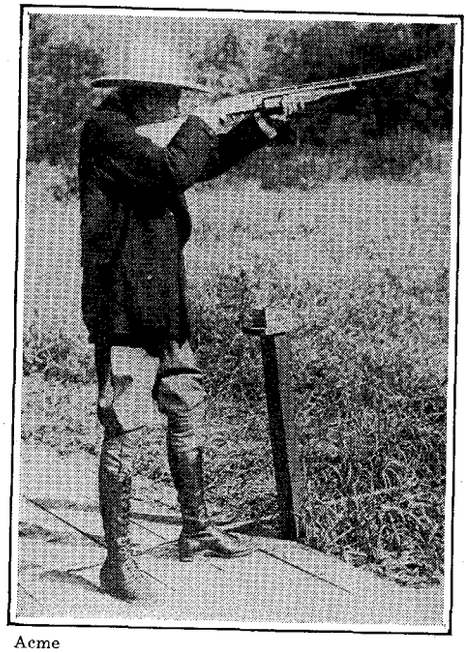


Acme

29 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 37
Was The President's Score at The Traps

Amundsen was a link between the old and the new forms of polar expedition. He wrote in his memoirs that the romance of ships, sleds and dogs was gone and that "aircraft has supplanted the dog." So the man who in 1911 planted the Norwegian flag at the South Pole a month before Scott and his British crew attained the same objective, had his first trial in 1925 at the North Pole, and in 1926 in the Norge with Ellsworth and Nobile made the first flight of a dirigible over the North Pole and from Spitzbergen to Alaska. His last flight was an attempt to rescue a fellow explorer with whom he had been on unfriendly terms.

It has been well said that Amundsen had a genius for efficiency. In his "My Life as an Explorer," he declared that "Whatever I have accomplished in exploration has been the result of lifelong planning, painstaking preparation and the hardest kind of conscientious work." His career as an explorer covered thirty years, for he was with the Belgian expedition to the Antarctic in 1897, while he achieved the Northwest Passage in 1905.

Endurance was to Amundsen a commonplace; exploration a passion. He was a stern disciplinarian, not always patient with incompetence; but in efficiency, courage and persistence he was unsurpassed. He will forever figure in history as one of the most intrepid and successful conquerors of the world's unknown regions.

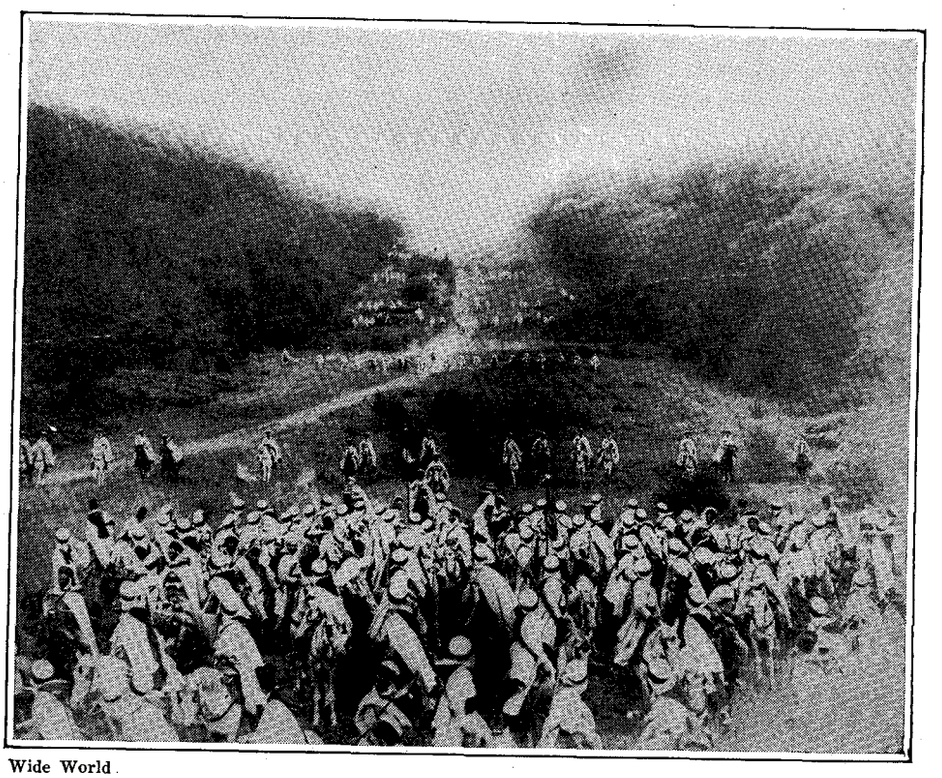
▸▸Campaign Here

ENTERING the campaign with an excellent chance of carrying the state, Tennessee Republicans appear to be doing everything in their power to prove the standing charge of the Democrats—that Southern Republicans, taking them by and large, belong to a low order of civilization. They began by nominating for Governor a man unknown and for whom nobody claims any particular ability. The nominee has now made his name known throughout the state by engaging in a brawl with a fellow Republican politician and getting one of his arms slashed several times with a knife.

The altercation occurred at a meeting of the Republican State Executive Committee. John W. Jackson, a diminutive individual, charged irregularities in the primary in which Raleigh Hopkins was nominated for Governor. According to newspaper reports, Hopkins, who is a sizable man physically, undertook to shove Jackson from the floor. The little man drew his knife and carved lustily on as much as he could reach of the corpus of the nominee. Such scenes of violence are not new in Southern Republican Conventions and Committee meetings, but nominees for high office have heretofore managed to keep a chair or something between themselves and the cutlery. It is said that the Jackson-Hopkins incident, along with others, will reduce the expected stay-at-home vote by means of which the Republicans meant to retire Congressmen Hull, Browning and McReynolds.

Acme

COUNT KAROLYI
Visiting the State Department where he is Considered an Undesirable Alien



Wide World

MOROCCAN SPAHIS
Going Through Manoeuvers in the Woods Near Compiegne, France

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Editorials

Ambulance Chasers and Claim Agents

EVERY accident for which a corporation is responsible and from which some of the public suffer has usually brought in its train the ambulance chaser and the claim agent. The ambulance chaser speeds to the victim or his relatives to seek employment as attorney for a suit against the company on a contingent fee basis. To protect the company against exorbitant damages, the claim agent or adjuster tries to beat the ambulance chasers to the victim to offer a prompt settlement on what may well be most inadequate terms.

Thus to the pain and terror of the accident itself is added a long drawn out suit with damages going largely to the shyster, or, in another case, an adjustment that falls short of the need of the injured or the bereft; and in all cases the sense of injustice either on the part of the victim or the company.

The recent accident in the Interborough subway, when steel cars were smashed and twisted and scores of human bodies were flung about and crushed, or torn, or maimed, has occasioned such miseries as these. Ambulance chasers in New York have recently been driven somewhat under cover, but they were on hand, and claim agents were of course at once in action, serving their company. The President of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company stated that the company was ready to pay whatever was "fair and reasonable," and that there was no need for lawsuits—that every person would be "treated equitably and fairly and paid promptly." But in such case the company cannot, in the interest of the public, be left to judge what is equitable. Its own interest disqualifies it from reaching a fair and impartial verdict. Yet lawsuits, with their technicalities and delays and the uncertainties of the feelings of jurors, are unsatisfactory means of making fair settlements in such a case.

There is one way out. That is by arbitration. Three newspapers of New York City, the "Telegram," the "World," and the "Brooklyn Eagle," urge it. The President of the American Arbitration Association has offered that organization's services. By this plan in case there is any dispute, arbiters are selected who are both disinterested and expert and are provided with full information as to the facts. Both parties having agreed to abide by the decision, the arbiters make their award. This is not a theoretical plan; it is now constantly employed in settling commercial disputes and, as pointed out by the "Telegram," has worked notably well in two cases—a wreck on the Santa Fé Railway and a gas tank explosion in Pittsburgh. It has the advantage of being free both from legal technicalities and from inappropriate emotional appeal which often confuse and warp the minds of jurists. It also avoids delay and saves expense. It is to the interest alike of the victims, the company, and the public.

Some Thoughts on Bolting

A BONE dry Democrat, Josephus Daniels, argues that he need not bolt because Smith, if elected, can exert no influence on the Volstead Act. A wet Republican newspaper, the New York "Herald Tribune," reads modification into Mr. Hoover's program. When men and journals talk thus they do more than put party above principle; they advocate an unchangeable, essentially an autocratic form of government.

Issues are more than parties and men are more than either. When men leave their parties democratic government is functioning in its purest form.

If Alabama appears for the first time in the Republican column, if Pennsylvania goes to Smith, politicians will say that life is becoming too incalculable for living. Others, having observed nature, will remark that change is a form of growth.

When a Raskob or a Spreckels transfers his allegiance on the issue of prohibition, what happens to the traditional claim that one party is the creator and sole custodian of prosperity? The truth, long evident except to keynoters, is that prosperity is a product of natural resources plus the energy and genius of the American people, expressed in industrial forms. Since the Civil War industry has absorbed the bulk of our best men. All professions have suffered from the greater demands of business and the greater rewards offered by a career in business. Government has been largely in the hands of inferior men, glorified ward heelers. Prosperity has been achieved, in the main, in spite of parties and politicians. We are pleased to find that we have as candidates for President two men of affairs. We are surprised that they are not in business.

When a Vance McCormick leaves his party on the issue of prohibition, the act suggests that perhaps another party plank is also full of dry rot. It suggests, in fact, that tariff is neither high nor low but adjusted to specific needs; and that to be done outside of politics.

A real political issue is one that involves a principle of government or questions an established social philosophy. It cuts across party lines and breaks up old loyalties. Such an issue was slavery. So, too, was the question of membership in the League of Nations. Such is prohibition.

Farm relief has been called one of the three chief issues of this campaign. What is the issue, then? Agriculture is in an unhealthy state and its return to health is every man's concern. Does any man deny that? Farm relief is an issue, so-called because President Coolidge could veto but would not construct.

The bolt is to Smith and from Smith. This is what always happens when a Smith or a Roosevelt enters the arena. The other candidate is merely a lodging place.

The Editors

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Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

THE OLD FABLE of the man and the boy with the donkey, and their futile attempts to please all passers-by, comes to mind in considering the discussion of the treaty renouncing war. The fear and distrust that little nations feel toward big nations have inevitably begun to show themselves. None of these little nations seems quite satisfied.

An immediate opportunity to test general opinion about the Pact of Paris came at the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. The public addresses on the pledge against fighting have of course been laudatory. But I notice that in personal conversations the delegates of the lesser European states have voiced criticisms of it which indicate that most of them are anxious about its effect.

"A platonic declaration," some of these spokesmen of the smaller countries call the Briand-Kellogg plan. The reason for this view is their belief that although the United States would probably exert its influence in the event of a threatening quarrel between the Great Powers of Europe, it would leave disputes between other less important peoples to European arbitration without taking a hand in their settlement. So they think the agreement has set up, through a regrettable accord between the French and American statesmen, a practical syndicate of the big nations.

Uncle Sam is damned by some if he does and by others if he doesn't. But Americans, like the citizens of any other world Power, will have to get used to that; indeed we are already pretty well accustomed to it, although we still retain something of that naive tendency to hope that everybody will like us which is appealing in little folks but always pathetically incongruous in large persons. And the European comment simply serves to emphasize in a useful way the need to make the treaty mean something more than a self-satisfied gesture.

Hard sense underlies the remarks of the delegates of the little nations. What they show is that Europeans have had too much experience of each other to have implicit faith in each other's impartiality. So they want America to join with them and add its weight to their deliberations—not because they think that the United States has any higher character or more lofty morality (ask any European), but because they think America is distant enough to be able to judge matters in a detached frame of mind. At the same time they know, again by experience, that the United States has a strong tradition in favor of aloofness from European affairs. So they place less confidence in a form of words than we might expect until we show what we intend to make the outlawry of war signify.

APPLAUSE at Geneva, naturally, has been given most whole-heartedly to speeches in favor of disarmament. That is the guaranty of safety that the little nations want. It is significant that in the League Assembly, where they are in the majority, the most spontaneous ovation went to Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada for his eloquent description of the success of conciliatory methods for over a century in dealing with disputes across the unguarded frontier between Canada and the United States.

"To a conference of conciliation as a means of adjusting international differences," he said in an address worth recording, "we have given permanent expression in what is known as the International Joint Commission, upon which the United States and Canada are represented, to which is referred for settlement all differences, and particularly those concerning boundary matters. Every award has been accepted.

"Much is heard in the Old World of the prosperity of the New. Doubtless, economic causes are most important, but there are others scarcely less important. I am inclined to put first and foremost the elimination of the fear of aggression. The Canadian Minister of Finance, in presenting the budget, does not so much as suggest the expenditure of a single dollar through fear of American aggression. Public moneys are saved and utilized for purposes of productive industry. There is the key to our prosperity."

PUBLIC OPINION demonstrates occasionally in striking fashion the new power it has won to dominate international policy. The latest example of this is the recently announced naval accord between Great Britain and France. Here was a semi-alliance apparently all arranged by Sir Austen Chamberlain, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in the most approved style of the "old diplomacy" by unpublished correspondence with Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Minister, just on the eve of signature of the general treaty denouncing war. According to reports of the Anglo-French understanding, provision was made for mutually agreeable distributions of the British and French naval forces in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, and Pacific, and for consideration how they could be employed jointly in the event of a war in which both might be engaged.

This news at once created a formidable stir in political circles in Great Britain, as well as in Europe and America. Although no definite plan was directed against any particular power, it was at once obvious that the arrangement might operate in an emergency against Germany or Italy or the United States. A surprising hue and cry in opposition to it was raised in the British press of all shades of opinion—Conservative, Liberal, and Labor—which united in condemning it as a violation of the spirit of the peace pacts both of Locarno, between the Allies and Germany, and of Paris, between the signatories of the Briand-Kellogg treaty.

The upshot is an intimation from British government circles that the proposal may be considered entirely "tentative"—even before it has come up for Cabinet decision. Coupled with these, half-apologetic regrets are expressed that a "Foreign Office blunder" should have been allowed to leak out to the world in partial and more or less garbled form. If the real purposes of the suggested Anglo-French understanding had been made properly and fully clear, it is explained, all would have seemed different, and it would have been evident that the plan was advanced in the interest of facilitating limitation of naval armament. So much for the once arbitrary action of a traditionally intolerant Foreign Office, in the face of the modern force of organized and watchful opinion.

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What the Country Is Thinking

The Automobile

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

EVERY year automobiles in this country kill twenty-five thousand people. And the rate is increasing. In seventy-seven large cities during the four weeks ending on August 11 the fatalities in automobile accidents, according to the Department of Commerce, were greater than for the same period a year ago by fourteen per cent. The injured each year now number about a million.

Yet the Providence "Journal" quotes the chief clerk of the Rhode Island State Board of Public Roads as saying: "Close students of these occurrences in our highways, which annually take such a terrific toll of death and injury, are probably agreed that 'accidents' are extremely rare. Such occurrences are not accidents, except in the present-day popular acceptance of the term. They are happenings that could be avoided if care, good judgment, and common sense were used by those concerned."

But accidents are not the only occasion for public discussion of the problems created by the almost universal use of the automobile. Our ridiculous inability to make the best use of this twentieth century device is really the occasion for most of the discussion about the automobile in the press and presumably among its readers. What is the use of having a machine that is built to travel normally at fifty, sixty, or seventy miles an hour if, when it goes at even less than that rate it is a menace to life, or if it is prevented from going at still lower speeds by antiquated regulations, by bad roads, and by congestion of traffic?

Speed in fact is not one of the prime causes of accidents. On the contrary, slow moving vehicles on narrow highways have become an important source of danger. In commenting on an investigation of the causes of automobile accidents in Connecticut which was conducted by the Yale Department of Civil Engineering in co-operation with the State Motor Vehicle Department, the New York "Herald-Tribune" asks: "Is it widely believed that speeding causes more accidents than any other one factor?" And it answers: "This analysis shows that failing to grant the right of way was responsible for 16.8 per cent of the accidents in Connecticut during 1927, and that driving too fast for conditions was responsible for only 4.2 per cent." This it adds to another statement based on the investigation: "The table shows that more than two-thirds of the 26,832 accidents in Connecticut last year occurred on good road surfaces, nearly two-thirds of them in daylight, and more than three-quarters of them in good weather. More than a third happened on clear courses, without intersections, crossings, hills, or curves. Almost half of them took place on straight and nearly level roads."

The Louisville "Courier-Journal," in recording the fact that twenty-three States in the past three years have increased the maximum speed limits and that some localities have actually set up minimum speed limits, represents an increasingly accepted opinion that "the country is catching up with the tempo of the motor age; that the slow movement is not only a cause of difficult congestion, but an actual menace to public safety, particularly on the open road." And these other sentences from its editorial are indicative of this same view: "Numberless accidents are the results of efforts to pass slow moving vehicles . . . That communities are everywhere waking up to the facts that speed is not synonymous with recklessness, that reasonable speed is necessary for the movement of the growing number of cars . . . The tendency of States today is to lay less stress upon speed and more on reckless driving."

This conclusion, it may interest many readers to note, was anticipated by The Outlook twenty years ago. That was when no drivers were licensed, and thirty miles an hour was breath-taking.

Connecticut and Michigan have virtually abolished the practice of testing carelessness by speed, certainly have concluded that "speed is not synonymous with recklessness," and have made the driver responsible for exercise of good judgment at all speeds. New Jersey's new motor law raising speed limits and making pedestrians as well as drivers responsible for safety in the highways has been welcomed. The word "unavoidable" will appear less often hereafter where the new spirit of motor traffic rules. The Detroit "News" (which "incidentally" notes that with the removal of the speed limit in Michigan "there has been a marked increase in accidents and in traffic fatalities") says that now "every time there is a smash there is evidence that the law has been broken."

How can the motorist be made to feel his responsibility? Massachusetts requires liability insurance of every motor car owner. Inspection of cars is becoming more common. The Omaha "Bee-News" echoes The Outlook's twenty-year old suggestion that the offending driver's automobile itself be put into jail. Make it easier by law in each State (as it has been in some States) to reach and hale into court for civil damages the non-resident offender—that is another suggestion. But no great improvement will come until a public sentiment is formed that will make drivers generally both road-minded and considerate of others.

Meantime day after day the press is urging new and better roads, more bridges, more intelligent and more unified traffic regulation. If we are to have speed, we must have higways with provision for speed. That is the universal view.

Meantime also the automobile is changing our mode of life. It is putting the weak and isolated church out of existence but at the same time bringing congregations to churches that are strong and accessible. It is taking short haul freight and passengers from the railways. It is slowly crowding out the street car. It may, as one newspaper suggests, put American backyards along the roads and streets and force the creation of children's playyards in city and town where now the backyards are. And in some cities it may build up streets into stones and provide moving platforms for pedestrians. Jaywalking will then become a deliberate crime and the real hero of peace will be the careful driver. We shall then need, in very self preservation, to become a nation of heroes.

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From the Life

The Witness

By IBBY HALL

IN one of the large countries of the world there lived a man of gentle habits and simple tastes. Life for him was made up of homely things. He liked to rock in a rocking chair, to be on friendly terms with his neighbors—so that he might nod shyly to those he chanced to meet with; and he liked especially to take little walks down pleasant streets where he could watch children playing and shouting among themselves; where he would not feel observed or responsible but could enjoy the gaiety of life tumbling about with no goal in particular.

If any one had bothered to inquire what he expected from life he might have replied that a cheerful home, a kind wife, and liver dumplings, occasionally, were all that he really hoped for. He was particularly fond of liver dumplings.

Some years ago it seemed as though his dream of life were to be granted. He found himself possessed actually of his own home and his own wife. This wife was a remarkable woman. For she was as full of amazing energy as he himself was without it. Indeed it seemed to him, during his courtship and even for a short while after marriage, as though he had miraculously acquired through her all those traits of strong-minded and independent character which he most admired in others and found lacking in himself.

When the change began he scarcely knew—when those qualities which had seemed so desirable to him began faintly to oppress him. Then, to suffocate. Then, to overcome.

But it was brought home to him one morning that she would never give him liver dumplings—that she had no intention of heeding that first hint, or the succeeding requests for his favorite dish. It was not merely a question of liver dumplings. He was broad-minded enough (he hoped) to see that. But they were an example of the unfairness of his marriage.

He suffered especially over this continued refusal of his favorite dish, because his wife was not a woman to take her triumphs lightly. She was like a person drunk with power. She gradually terrified him; and he learned at last to cringe.

Then it was all over with him. At last, he was afraid of her and she knew it. For after all she was a woman and a bully. And the day came when she finally knocked him down.

After that she hit him often. He ate what she put before him; he sat where he was told to sit; he listened apprehensively to her cursings and abuses. In his own eyes he became a dog—owning nothing, desiring nothing, resenting nothing.

Finally, he had nothing left except to brood over the nothingness of his existence. And that was the day on which he first saw the canary.

It hung in a small wooden cage in a large window, down one of those pleasant streets which had once been his diversion and delight, and which he now walked from loneliness and forlorn habit. The man stared emptily at the spot of color behind the clear window. There it swung palpitatingly back and forth, shaking the ugly cage with its effort of singing.

At first he watched it dumbly. Then there stole over him some of the old pleasure he had known in observing the aimless flutter and color of living. This was the first pleasure he had known in a long while. He stood motionless in front of the plate glass window staring at the canary bird. At the end of an hour, he drew a deep breath and walked inside the shop.

When he reached home he went carefully to the sunniest window and hung the new brass cage there. The little bird that had been cowering under the paper wrappings looked at him with frightened eyes. But the woman of the house was away. Presently the bird took courage and began to sing.

AFTERWARD it would have been hard for the man to explain how things happened. He could have gone back step by step of course in the dim story to the day of the bird's arrival—to the hour of the first bitter fight that took place under the swinging brass cage—to the pale soft feathers that floated through bars from the terror of beating wings. But he was not very clear in his own mind as to the way things had turned out.

Indeed, he found himself at last with his mind made up, meeting the difficult emergencies of the divorce court without understanding how he had got himself there at all. He would have been astonished if he had been told he was divorcing his wife from a canary. And there the woman sat contending it! Why was she determined to hold on to these weak creatures who exasperated her to the bursting of her fury?

But there was no mistaking her determination. Here at the trial she was showing these judicial men only that admirable woman whom he had married.

As the trial progressed the plaintiff found himself engulfed in mists of doubt. He was a man trying to divorce a woman of fine character—a good wife—a woman who had always been faithful (on his own say so) to him and his needs. He tried desperately through the mists to stammer something about liver dumplings. The court struggled vainly to hide its amusement. The woman sat there looking as though she would apologize for him.

He rose to his feet red faced and protesting. She had abused him—she had cursed him—she— The plaintiff in the extremity of his need unloaded his shame before the jeering eyes of the courtroom.

The court by now was plainly skeptical and bored. They let him know impatiently that these were useless charges to make against a woman, without proof.

Suddenly he saw through these rising mists the unbearable years ahead. He muttered something desperately, passionately, about "the canary."

The court was interested. The canary?

The plaintiff stammered. It was only a pet, of course; but if it must live with that woman it would be dead of fright. It had seen too much terror on his account already. If the bird could be brought? Why, they could observe with their own eyes, if they wanted proof!

The canary bird was brought into the courtroom. A rustle of expectancy ran through the legal proceedings like a little wind through dry leaves.

The woman rose indignantly. This was absurd! A bird as witness? She

(Please turn to Page 838)

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

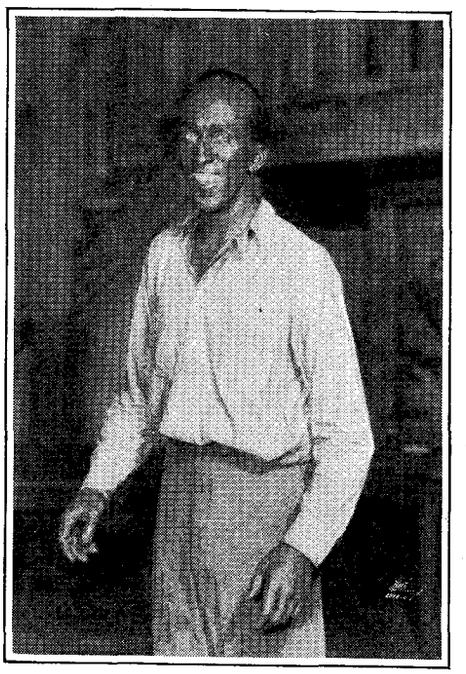
REAMS have been written about the tragedy of the American negro and the problem of the mixture of the races. Poetry and fiction is full of it, and many a playwright has put the theme on the stage. But so far as we are concerned, it has remained for Ransom Rideout genuinely to touch our emotions with it.

He has done this in a peculiar manner, too. For in his play "Goin' Home" he has placed his negro in France at the close of the war. None of the complements of the American scene are present; but instead there is reproduced for the beholder all the emotion of the months after the Armistice in a small town in France where military discipline is lax and the hosts of the American army are going home. Everybody in this play is "going home" except its hero, who after four years' service in the French Colonial army has married a French girl who keeps a café, and has found a place at last where the negro is accepted on terms of social equality. He is not wholly spotless, because he has lied to the French girl about his position and possessions in America, and has endeavored to keep from her the sad truth that in America a colored man is a nigger and holds no position comparable to that of the colored man in France.

To his café, then, come the negro regiments going home under the iron hand of their white officers. All that home and America means to Israel Du Bois enters the door with the gaiety of these negro roustabouts from New Orleans, these black boys from Harlem and the States. With them too comes all that the white man means in the form of a certain Major with whom he was brought up on the Mississippi, and to whose family his family in the past have been slaves.

Those who know their Southerners will not be surprised to hear that with the entrance of this Major the negro's world falls in pieces about him. Past friendships and associations fly out of the window the moment the Major learns the truth. A nigger is living with a white woman—and the South doesn't stand for it.

All the Major's prejudices are roused, at once, and he is determined to take his nigger home, while the nigger, who has killed white men, has earned his Croix de Guerre in the French army, has fallen in love with his French girl, and established himself in a fool's paradise, is stirred to his own highest manhood in front of his own woman. Murder, heart-break, tragedy and despair stalk the stage—followed by the emotional pull of childhood associations, of boyish friendships and the tie that has always bound old Southern families to their colored people.



RICHARD HALE

For it happens that the French girl has lied to the nigger, never loved him at all. She has merely married him for his money, or for what she thinks is his money, in order to secure the possessions his imagination has pictured to her as his. And in an instant all is changed for the Major. His old family retainer is no longer a nigger living with a white woman, but is his old friend of his boyhood days being deceived and corrupted by a no-good woman. All his denunciation is turned instantly upon the French girl, to save his friend from the unhappy situation into which he has gotten himself. And the act ends with the woman cast aside and the Major giving the negro half an hour to get ready to go home, back to the States and God's country.

As if this were not sufficient, when the Major returns he is drunk enough to be seduced by the French girl, who sees him now as her best bet, and he is practically imprisoned upstairs in the café by the arrival of a crowd of negro soldiers all anxious to get one more drink before the regiment moves on. For half an hour these soldiers display all the gaiety of the negro race while tragedy waits the disclosure of the betrayal in the room upstairs. Humor, pathos, jazz, all the childlike qualities of the negro fill the stage while the suspense heightens. Even the primitive African war dance of Israel's Senegalese friend only serves to increase the sense of expectancy over what will happen when the Major comes downstairs. Because the Senegalese will only know that the Major has taken his friend's woman, that his friend Israel has been betrayed. And this Senegalese is Israel's comrade of the trenches, of four years of hard fought war. This Major is no different to him than any other white man, German or French or American. The knife of the Senegalese will end him. Israel will not need to shoot! How can he foresee that to the American negro, in turn, will come all the pull of old associations, of his boyhood friendship with the Major, of old time affection for the Major's family? How can any one foresee that to Israel a Senegalese will suddenly appear merely as a negro killing a white man—killing his friend from youth?

To us, the play that has been made from this situation is the real thing. The last act may be a little weak, suspense at times may be too long drawn out. On reflection, the double twist in the play may seem a little far-fetched. Admittedly, the coincidence of the Major meeting his old retainer is stretching the probabilities pretty far. But the essential truth of the play remains untouched. In the deepest sense, the Major could have been any white Southerner—and Israel Du Bois any Southern negro.

One cannot see the play without realizing much of the tragedy of the negro; his attempts to rise to manhood, to equality, to the realization of his own best self, yet remaining always and forever in an inferior position, confined by apparently ineradicable human prejudices to a lowly position in the scheme of things.

We say this is a good play. And Richard Hale, as Israel, is a good actor.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Water Hole"

THE star of this commendably unpretentious "program" picture is Jack Holt, an actor who has for many years been demonstrating his ability to bring reality to the films. Equally at home in the boudoir or the abattoir, Mr. Holt has the gift of investing every scene in which he appears with a credibility too seldom found on stage or screen.

In "The Water Hole" they have given Jack Holt an original, well-written version of an old theme—so old, in fact, that an obscure English playwright brought it out some hundreds of years ago under the title "The Taming of the Shrew"—and they have given him a leading lady to wax lyrical over.

We saw Nancy Carroll in "Abie's Irish Rose," which was her first picture; we were impressed by her looks and her taking ways, but we'll admit that we had no premonitory hint of the extraordinary talent she brings to the part of Judith Endicott in "The Water Hole." Here is a performance that deserves to rank with that of Emil Jannings in "The Patriot," and if you can think of anything more extravagant, go right ahead and work it up, and we'll O.K. it. If only they will keep her where she belongs—in romantic comedy—she'll pay them back in millions. (She can talk, too: we heard her make a little speech on the opening night of "Abie's Irish Rose.")

We make the considered statement that Nancy Carroll is the greatest screen find since Greta Garbo, and we feel reasonably certain that all admirers of the delicately subtle in acting will agree with us, after seeing "The Water Hole."

The ingenious twist to the "Shrew" motif which this picture presents would be amusing even without the superlative acting that goes with it. As it is, it's startling. A good word may be said for the titles, too; they are by Herman J. Mankiewicz. The direction by F. Richard Jones is precisely in the right mood to exploit the story which, greatly to his credit, was written and adapted by Zane Grey.

"Submarine"

Here again we have Jack Holt, and here, too, he does all those things which we just got through saying he does; but he has to work pretty hard to get reality into "Submarine." Given a timely and stimulating subject, the fabricators of this picture have missed one opportunity after another to get anything out of it. We have Mr. Holt and Ralph Graves, as two petty officers in the navy, doing a Captain Flagg-and-Sergeant Quirt, through reel after reel of old stuff; we have wisecracking titles which don't seem hot enough to crack, and then we have a big final scene in a trapped submarine which is pretty good, but could have been better.

It is the stereotyped kind of thing which we, for one, don't like unless it is superlatively well done—which "Submarine," we feel bound to say, is not.

NANCY CARROLL

"The Air Circus"

So much fun, pathos and youthful exuberance goes into this idyll of peacetime aviation that it deserves a lot of praise and a big box-office success.

Arthur Lake, David Rollins, Sue Carol and Louise Dresser carry the honors between them, and the Movietone comes through with some really important contributions; the scene showing young Rollins crying on his bed was spoiled by the addition of sound, but all the other parts wherein the Movietone joins were aided by it to no small degree. Miss Sue Carol could use a bit of voice culture, but even so the talking sequence in which she figures with Arthur Lake was as natural and spontaneous as it could be; a really clever bit of dialogue.

Howard Hawks and Lew Seiler get joint credit for directing "The Air Circus" and they deserve more of it than many joints appear willing to extend. They have done a fine, honest job, among the many excellences of which is simplicity. Not once do they allow their theme to get tangled up in the tortuous tentacles of dat old debbil hokum.

A special word about young Arthur Lake, who is fast becoming pre-eminent in his own field; this boy has the ability to put over a certain kind of restrained slapstick which betokens an unusually fine comedy sense. He gets the maximum fun out of a situation without spilling a drop of it, and he can depict the tragedy of adolescence with equal skill.

Every parent, every boy and girl and every one else who enjoys a bright, tender, refreshing movie will like "The Air Circus," a picture which may well rank as an unassuming epic of our day.

"State Street Sadie"

The Vitaphone does itself proud in "State Street Sadie" and by its accomplishment brings us just so much nearer to that new brand of entertainment which we have talked so much about in these columns. Just another crook picture, but a pretty good one. "State Street Sadie" is highly recommended on the Vitaphone sequences alone. It will really be well worth your while to hear and see them—by the way: some word which will express seeing and hearing, both, will have to be coined pretty soon. One of Lewis Carroll's "portmanteau" words would be handy, like "mimsy," for instance, which meant "meek and flimsy," if memory serves. Let us think . . . "A picture you'll enjoy hotching is 'Ladies at Large' at the Ravioli . . . "Miasma in the Swamps" at the Paramour is a screechie you won't care to hee."

Any suggestions will receive their just due.

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At The Prinzregenten

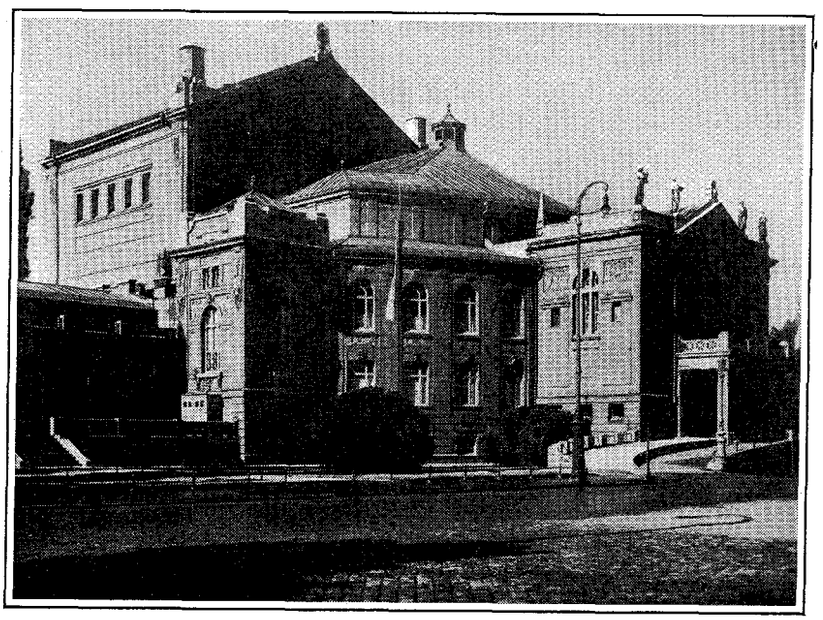
Munich

By EUGENE BONNER

THE Wagner-Mozart Festival now drawing to its close here in Munich has been unusually successful this year—that is if crowded houses tell a true tale, and in the present case it would seem that they do.

This theatre (the Prinzregenten), seating just 1106 people, is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most unusual on our visiting-list of opera-houses, and we might venture to state that our list is not altogether negligible. It was built in 1900—1901 very much after the plan of that other festival-theatre, the Wagner Festspielhaus at Bayreuth, invisible orchestra and all.

While infinitely more beautiful in its neo-classic style, with the rows of Corinthian columns along the side walls instead of balconies or boxes, and its more or less Pompeian ceiling, it is not as comfortable nor are the acoustics as good as in the older house. In fact the Bayreuth theatre can probably take first place among the lyric theatres of the world in the latter respect.



THE PRINZREGENTEN THEATRE, MUNICH

As at Bayreuth, the operas generally begin at four in the afternoon, except in the case of Rheingold which starts at six. There are usually two long intermissions during which one can have dinner in the restaurant connected with the opera-house, or if not completely overcome by the pangs of hunger, walk in the charming little garden at one side of the theatre and clear both the lungs and brain before settling down to another long act. In this way, even the lengthiest of the operas is over before ten o'clock and the wear and tear on the human frame is immeasurably lessened.

The repertoire this season at the Prinzregenten, includes beside the "Ring" operas, "Parsifal," "Tristan," "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger."

The last was very well done, the small theatre and stage making this glorious work of Wagner's seem far less formidable than it generally appears when given in a large unintimate auditorium where it loses those very qualities the composer worked so hard to obtain. Though it be rank heresy to say such a thing, we personally find that where this work is concerned, the musical frame so to speak is just a little heavy for the picture. All of which doesn't mean that the picture isn't charming and the frame one of the most superb ever made.

The principals in this particular performance of "Meistersinger" were very good and the ensemble notably so. Hans Mermann Nissen was a sympathetic Hans Sachs and displayed a fine voice, well used. Fritz Krauss, the Don Oktavio of last week's "Don Giovanni" was an agreeable Walther, though he forced his tones again and again in the excruciating way most German tenors manage to do. He sang the Mozart music at the Residenz with much more ease and beauty of tone, though curiously enough, his voice seemed much larger in this theatre than it did in the smaller house.

Elizabeth Feuge-Friederich was an altogether delightful Eva. This singer has beauty, a charming stage-presence and a glorious voice, which if she will only acquire just a little more nuance in her work, may easily become one of the great ones. Though far from being as slender, there was something about her that reminded one very much of Mary Garden in her earlier days. As Eva she managed to sound a note of passion, which while a little surprising in this somewhat bread-and-jam young lady, was not at all disagreeable.

Louise Willer, was Madalena, and for once in our life we found ourself wishing that the character of the duenna had more to sing. It seemed too tantalizing to hear so little of her really splendid voice. Besides which, she is an extraordinarily handsome woman.

Emanuel List was a dignified Pogner, and Walter Ries an amusing and venomous Beckmesser. Some very good singing was done by Erich Zimmerman as David, but why, oh why, must all the Davids skip like young rams before the Lord?

A performance of "Gotterdammerung" brought us Gertrude Kappel as Brunnhilde, an impersonation well-known since last season to New York opera-goers. Fine as this characterization is, it is not on a plane with her Isolde or Kundry, and in the last great scene, she somehow or other misses fire.

The most interesting individual performance to us, was that of Luise Willer as Waltraute. What a glorious Walkyr she was and what superb singing. This artist also lent her voice and personality to the part of the 2nd Norn in the prologue. Elizabeth Feuge-Friederich sang the 3rd Norn as well as one of the Rhine-maidens in the last act.

The whole was under the musical direction of Hans Knappertbusch, whose ideas of this great music were at times strangely at variance with those of the composer.

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Cool Heads and Hot Hearts

Acme

JESS HAWLEY
of Dartmouth

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

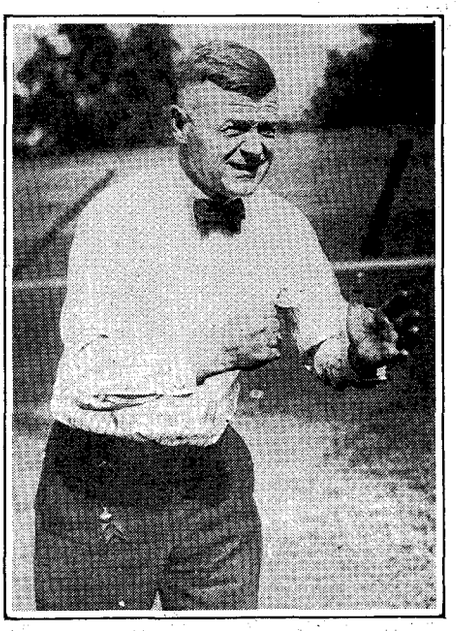
"THIS business of friendship on the football field," said the Old Coach, "is all right in its way, and I am for it. There is more sportsmanship in football these days than ever there was; and I am glad of that. But after all it is a rather savage game even in its most honest aspects, and I cannot conscientiously coach the men in my charge to ask their opponents to tea when first they meet. No, I fear I must ask them to dislike the opponent for the time being. After that it will be quite all right. You see, with the rules as they are, we have a peculiar sort of affair on our hands. So scientific a game as this requires not merely a cool head, but a cold head, and any contest in which there is constant physical contact requires not merely a warmed up heart, but a hot and fighting heart."

A fairly accurate description, I think, of what modern intercollegiate football is today. The hot heart has always been in the game, and not infrequently the cold head, but the emphasis on this headwork has been steadily growing until today it is really paramount, what with the continued opening up of the passing game. As in most other concerns of life the radical of yesterday is the conservative of tomorrow, and this has been true sometimes of such football coaches as Knute Rockne, William H. Warner, Robert C. Zuppke, Frank Cavanaugh, and many others. They were all for opening up the game, but the moment the Rules Committee went further, and sought to open it up with the backward or lateral pass, several of them balked and solemnly announced that the addition of such a play meant that we should no longer be playing "American football," whatever that may be. However, none of these coaches owns "American football." Neither does the rules committee, but it so happens that with all due respect to the objectors, we play the type of game that they give us, after due deference to the various checks and balances hereinbefore made and provided. Hence the presence of the lateral pass.

Only the old-time football reporter knows the almost savage opposition to the addition of the forward pass to the rules many years ago. More than twenty years ago this was supposed to wreck the "American game." The same opposition has developed against the newer pass, with the paragraphs in the rule book designed to protect from disaster the team that was disposed to attempt its development in good faith. There were years on end when the forward pass was practically ignored. Later it was adopted as a hap-hazard play in which even the players themselves had little confidence. Still later it was admitted that it might serve as a "threat." At the present time it is admitted that it is an integral part of any attack, and, all other things being equal, may be vital to the success of a team. Today it is not merely a vital part of the attack, but a possible scorer at any time, and on top of that a possible invitation to disaster. I think the history of the lateral pass will follow closely that of the forward pass. In inception it has been called English, but *is* it English? And if it *is* English, what is the whole fundamental plan of our American football anyway? We know that it was made from the English Rugby game. It is possible, therefore, that what may well be one of the most interesting attacking weapons of the season is one that has been made from a play which is the keynote of the attack in English Rugby.

It will take time to develop, and it cannot be developed by half-hearted instruction. In the interest of the spectators, in the interest of the players, and in the interest of the game itself it *must* be developed. It is a curious thing, therefore, that those who have it in hand, have divided into two classes in preparing plays under the ruling—those who go to English Rugby or to Canada for its development, and those who are intent on working it out with pencil and paper and "field laboratory" tests. Both classes, being more than seven, but in most cases under seventy, seem to forget that the lateral pass was an integral part of American football as far back as the Eighties, that it bore fruit in those days, and that the rules are approaching a condition in which it might bear fruit again for the same reasons. A study of the early days of their own "American" game might convince them that the whole thing is simply a revival of measures found efficient years ago, such as the criss-cross, the cross-buck, and such other hoary manoeuvers as have sat the defense on its head from time to time even in the most up to date form of the game.

These coaches are recommended, for instance, to the study of a game played between Yale and Princeton at the old Manhattan Field in New York as long ago as 1893, a game won by Princeton by a single touchdown, and in which the lateral pass deliberately opened the



Acme

ROBERT ZUPPKE
of Illinois

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way to the making of that winning touchdown. The players who were engaged in that old lateral pass are widely scattered. But I know from those involved with whom I have caught up from time to time, that it was not considered either revolutionary or un-American. Suffice it to say that the play involved deception both at the delivery and receiving department of the pass, which is of course true of every play in which passing is involved in the modern game of football, and that that other essential—the fact that the men involved were consummate actors—was also present. These actors were the famous Princeton backfield of that time, Phil King, quarterback, Ward and Morse, at halfback, Blake at fullback, and "Doggy" Trenchard at end. Further deponent saith not. He would be glad to diagram the play, which should be an excellent one under the modern rules, were it not for the fact that it is desired to furnish the various star coaches with some incentive toward research work.

In the course of the steady progress of the game one remembers certain axioms, so-called, by one of the foremost coaches in the country at that time. One of them was: "No end run is good for anything but strategic position on the field." Another had it that "any play requiring the runner to take more than five steps behind the line of scrimmage, must fail." These, it must be remembered, were embodied in a winning system. So the coach was less to blame than the status of the game, as it existed at that time. The coach who made these statements failed to keep up with football progress, and so far as I know, still believes he was right. The rebels kept on, however, and what was at one time rebellion eventually developed into orthodoxy. Which does not mean at all that at the present moment I am to be convicted of Bolshevik tendencies in the gridiron game.

There are, fortunately, always enough rebels at hand to furnish the Rules Committee not merely with food for thought, but also with support when that committee decides to do something that on the face of it seems to be hopelessly radical. In due time the "tumult and the shouting" dies, and it is found at long last that after all the principal objection was never inherently fundamental, but just either an outburst for outburst's sake, or puzzlement over detail. The result was, this year, that while there was puzzlement over detail as a result of last year's changes in the rules, there was no real, fundamental objection. In these days of coaching schools run by the eminent among the coaches, a great many able men are turned out. But in the event of a sudden change in the rules the tutor can only wish that he had his pupils back again for a supplementary course, so as to avoid the necessity of teaching the game E. and O.E.

In spite of all this, however, the present season opens with an all but unprecedented calm. Everybody seems to be satisfied with the rules and their interpretation. The principal worriment is over material and schedules. The schedules are stiffer than ever, the material about the same. So far as the new lateral pass is concerned it is practically certain that all the coaches are studying it carefully, proceeding on the theory of gas in warfare, that they will attempt nothing for which they have not already worked out what would appear to be an adequate defense. The use of this pass we may expect for a certainty from such coaches on the "big time" circuit as Warner, Zuppke and Rockne, and no doubt Horween at Harvard, who put it on in promising fashion in the Harvard-Yale game last year. Roper, with the background of chance-taking that has always been Princeton's, no doubt will have some of these plays on tap. However, there is little likelihood that it will be seen in its full flower early in the season save by smaller teams, which again follows the history of the forward pass. Williams made something of it last year, and Dartmouth is especially well equipped to do something with it, especially since the Green is furnished with a left-handed passer, which is a considerable asset in itself, as any coach will tell you. There is one so-called small-time team quite likely to make something of it in early games, and that is Johns Hopkins where there is a dearth of material so far as numbers are concerned, and yet boasting in Ray Van Orman one of the most progressive gridiron tutors in the land. This team is called upon to go out of its class more than once in the early season, and its coach therefore is always alert for new weapons of attack, while at the same time coaching sound football.

Acme

KNUTE ROCKNE
of Notre Dame

Acme

GLENN S. WARNER
of Leland Stanford

Despite the continued addition of novelties to the attack the two fundamentals of force and deception still persist, and always will persist, save that at present deception has somewhat outstripped force as a factor. Deception is prevalent nowadays in what are known as the "power" plays, and it is the design of the rules committee to keep deception in its position of ascendancy. One is reminded of the statement of one coach that he would have no man behind his scrimmage line

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The Treasury and the Price of Money

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

ANDREW W. MELLON succeeded in turning the eyes of the financial community away from the stock market for almost the first time in a month. He did this, as Secretary of the Treasury, by displaying an offering of $525,000,000 worth of 4½ per cent certificates of indebtedness, maturing in nine months. The proceeds, with the quarterly income tax instalments, will be used to retire the $970,000,000 of oustanding Third Liberty Loan bonds which mature on September 15.

As Mr. Mellon pointed out, this issue is an important milestone since the redemption of the last Third Libertys "brings to a close the vast operations begun by the Treasury in 1927, which in the course of eighteen months have resulted in the refunding or retirement of more than $5,000,000,000 Liberty Loan bonds, accompanied by important reductions in interest charges."

His announcement is interesting, too, because it advertises to the world what a high price money commands in the United States. Not for nearly eight years has the Government had to pay such a stiff rate on its borrowings.

The annuoncement has no importance whatsoever, though, as an indication of the trend of money rates in the coming months or years. It does not even show what the Treasury officials expect it to be, although a good many Washington correspondents and some New York financial writers assert the contrary. The financial writers at least should know better. Government financing is an intricate subject and its details are thoroughly understood only by experts. But this simple fact is clear. The Treasury, like any other borrower, pays as little interest as possible. It offers 4½ per cent because a lower rate might not prove sufficiently attractive to prospective buyers. That is the only reason.

Beliefs that the offering of a relatively fat return reflect the Treasury's judgment that in the future money will be at least as expensive as it is today, if not more so, imply an ignorance of the problem which faced the Treasury. It had to borrow funds to meet obligations which fell due on a definite date. It could not wait another few months. If Mr. Mellon and his assistants had been convinced that they would see a big decline in interest rates before the first of January he could not have offered a lower rate than he did and have been sure that the bonds would sell. On the other hand, he certainly would not pay 4¾ for a loan which he could obtain for 4½ per cent, not even if he believed that interest rates might double before the spring.

WITH his hands completely free, the Secretary of the Treasury would have borrowed for a short time if he had expected cheaper money and for a period of years, probably, if he expected its price to go up. But Mr. Mellon's hands were not free. He had told the country a few months before that there would be no long-term bonds offered at this time. A nearer maturity was impossible for various technical reasons. So his discretion was limited pretty well to the rate and there the field was narrow.

Some experts—they were a minority—thought that the rate might have been a shade lower, but the reason why Mr. Mellon preferred to err on the side of liberality is obvious. The Treasury has been accused of straining the market unduly in the last two years. Most of the certificates and notes offered have gone below par before being long in the market and this had created an unsatisfactory attitude towards Government securities. Frequently the market needs an exemplary generously priced offering. The market for corporate bonds and foreign issues frequently receives such a treat as a means of breaking a buyers' strike.

While it is interesting only as gossip, those not in close touch with Wall Street may be surprised to know that many bond experts put the blame for the undue strains on the Government securities markets on the shoulders of Under Secretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills.

THE bond market as a whole has been in the dumps for several months. Few new issues have appeared and the old ones have been declining since the spring. They touched bottom soon after the middle of August. The advance in money rates has been primarily responsible and, since they are especially sensitive to this influence, Government securities have been relatively the heaviest sufferers.

There have been times when corporations would pay almost anything to get funds, but this has not been the case recently. Because of their low inventories and general efficiency, they have been able to get along quite well without borrowing and have, in fact, been heavy lenders in the call money market.

One of the reasons for the lightness of the demand is that the banks have been doing very little buying. They have had their hands full satisfying the requirements of the speculative and business communities, both abnormally active.

Another reason is that many individuals who are ordinarily consistent bond buyers have joined the stampede to bet that stocks will go higher. Only the insurance companies have been purchasing in large quantity.

The time to accumulate stocks, it is said, is when no one wants them. If this is true also of bonds, as it probably is, they should be an attractive buy today. It is reasonably certain that money rates will decline before long and, when they do, bond prices are bound to rise.

As far as the banking world can see at present, there are three possible developments that may reduce the price of money. The first is that gold will come here from abroad; the second, that the Federal Reserve System will use its influence to increase the supply of credit; and the third is that the stock market will be deflated, allowing funds to flow into other channels.

The first is the most unlikely, inasmuch as the central banks of the leading countries probably agree that it would be better if the United States did not import gold. In fact, the chances of a reversal of Federal Reserve policy would be almost negligible if it were not for the possibility that the Reserve authorities would replenish our credit supply rather than admit gold.

The third possibility seems to be the strongest, which is one of the reasons why the stock market hogs the spotlight on the financial stage as almost never before.

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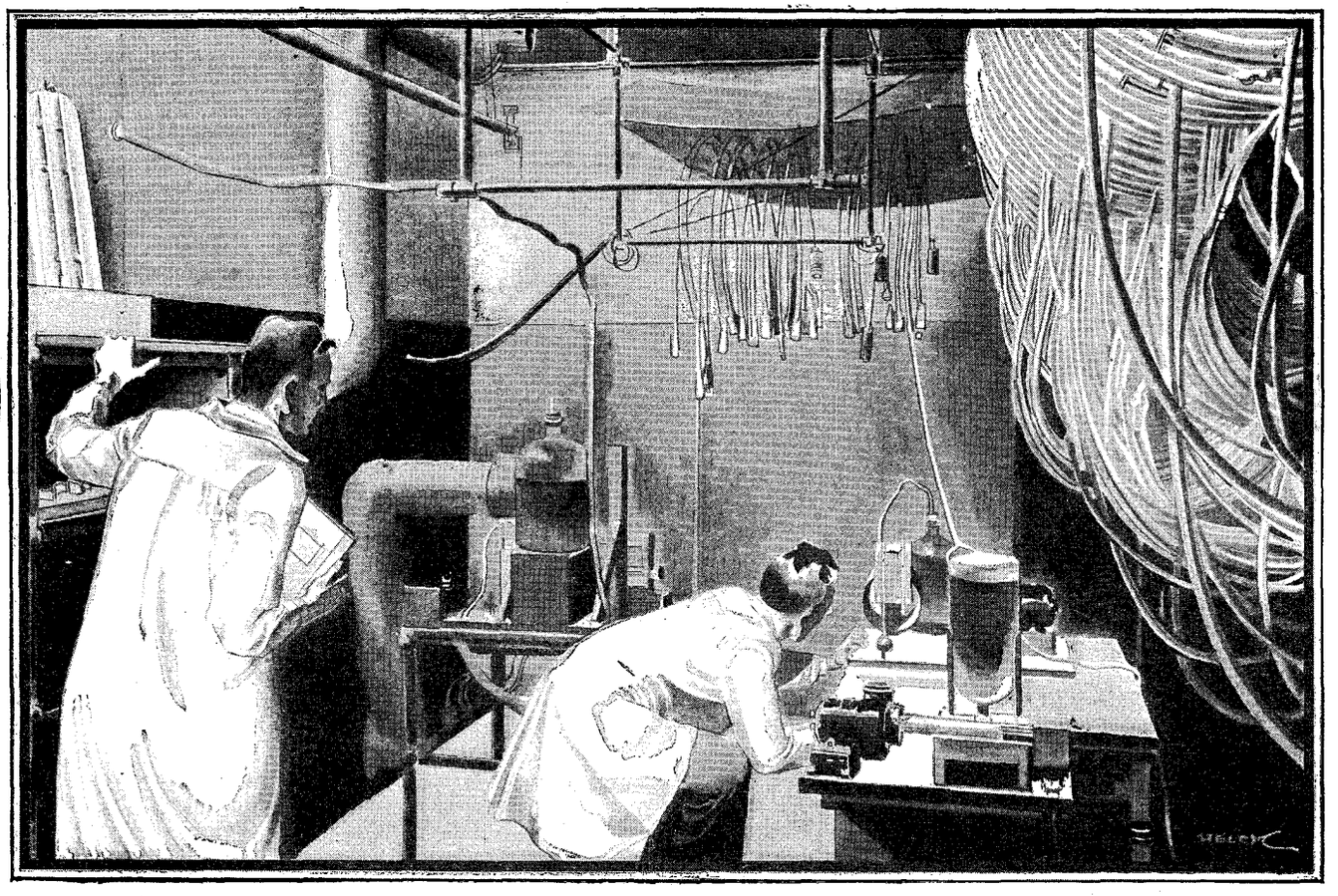

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Characters—Twentieth Century Style

All Kneeling by Anne Parrish: Harper and Bros.
Spider Boy by Carl Van Vechten: Alfred A. Knopf.

IN a recent paper we referred to those fore-runners of the novel proper which were popular in England in the seventeenth century and which were called "Characters." With no reference book to consult, we recall only the names of Overbury and Earle as those of writers who used that particular method, but there were several others. "Characters" were simply collections of brief, epigrammatic character-sketches, "The Milk-Maid," "The Child," "The Miser," and so forth. They were not joined into a story and such narrative interest as they possessed they possessed by implication, that is the best of them aroused the reader's imagination sufficiently so that he, given his characters in considerable detail, could combine them into a sort of desultory story to suit himself. Addison followed this method in the De Coverley papers and carried it to the limits of perfection. Certainly those papers constitute a story, but, analysed, it will be found to be a story whereof the reader supplies the connecting narrative links between a series of brilliant and engaging sketches of characters in static situations.

This is a heavy preamble to a light review, and a masterpiece has been used to introduce two insignificant books. But the means may be justified when one considers that the critical function which we reviewers sometimes impudently usurp feeds upon comparisons of the present with the past. Anne Parrish and Carl Van Vechten in "All Kneeling" and "Spider Boy" are writing "Characters" in the style of the twentieth century.

It is hard for a reviewer who has a wholesome awe for the art of writing to stomach the cheap, flippant attitude toward their work which so many clever writers now affect, or honestly feel. No one wants a consecrated air to be paraded. Nowadays we insist too much upon the well-known sense of humor for that. But no artist who has not an inward conviction of the seriousness and value of his own work is worth his salt. Talk of writing for money and fame is all very well and very properly cynical, but without the instinct to write no man will choose a career so doubtfully bent toward those two ends; and that instinct is more frequently freighted with some lofty purpose than the work in which its results seem to warrant. Van Vechten, after two entertaining books, "The Tiger in the House" and "Peter Whiffle" (less good, but good enough and marked by originality), has degenerated into one of the most blatant products of the smart, superficial school of writing. From his recent books, some jaded flappers may have extracted an occasional giggle or some solemn worthies the flattering unction of outraged moral sensibility, but nobody else could have got much but boredom. In contradistinction to Van Vechten's previous work, addressed to a special public, "Spider Boy" seems to have been written with the intention of amusing the average reader; but, to quote Queen Victoria, we are not amused. It is no story but an expanded anecdote surrounded by a few obvious types familiar to any persistent reader of the short story magazines. The proper kind of author, shy and gauche, made unexpectedly famous by a successful play and seeking to escape publicity, is pursued and harried into going to Hollywood to write for the movies. He meets the noble-minded Kansas City magnate, the rival stars, the rival directors, the culture club ladies, the sweet girl simpleton, and others equally obvious, and he emerges from this press married and headed back to further metropolitan success. The characters are marionettes and marionettes so like in design that close attention must be paid to their names in the reading or they cannot be distinguished one from another. It is true that this is exact enough when applied to moving picture people, all of whom look and act so precisely alike. But it is not enough for a book; even the ardent cinemaphile must begin to tire of Hollywood in print. The best thing about Van Vechten's book is the fitness of style to subject. Either purposely or accidentally he has written in the manner of the movies. He is clever enough to have done it deliberately, superficial enough to have fallen into it by the force of influence. "Spider Boy" is a movie. In it flat black and white shapes appear to move across a screen; actually they are snap-shots, static characters in static situations, run off rapidly before the eyes. The skill which might have made them interesting enough to have obliged the reader to supply the fluent narrative is lacking.

Anne Parrish does much the same thing. Her characters are not the same ones, nor is her situation. But both are equally flat and stationary. In "All Kneeling" she uses the same sort of heroine that appeared in her book, "A Pocketful of Poses," written a few years ago. Here our types are the

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. Reviewed August 1.

"The Children," by Edith Wharton: D. Appleton and Company. You will find this story of the pathetic children of divorce somewhat exaggerated for the purpose of the argument, but very readable. To be reviewed later.

"Beau Ideal," by Percival Christopher Wren. The Frederick A. Stokes Company. The third story of the Geste triology, which will be welcomed by lovers of the two which preceded it. The Foreign Legion in Africa once more supplies the theme. Not an atom of reality, but the action is exciting. Reviewed July 25.

"Spider Boy," by Carl Van Vechten: A. A. Knopf, Inc. Reviewed in this issue.

"Destiny Bay" by Donn Byrne. Little, Brown and Co. You will enjoy this Irish romance, the last work of the gifted author. To be reviewed next week.

Non-Fiction

"Goethe," by Emil Ludwig. G. P. Putnams Sons. Reviewed in this issue.

"Disraeli," by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Political Behavior," by Frank R. Kent. Morrow. To be reviewed later.

"Safari," by Martin Johnson. G. P. Putnams Sons. If you enjoy exciting stories of big-game hunting in Africa with fine illustrations, you will like this book.

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young poetess and novelist of a school which is easily recognizable, the Philadelphia main-line aunts, adoring and exalting, the bachelor uncle, worldly-wise and "on" to the heroine's tricks and manners, the rich husband, the twins, the admiring friends, society and arts; all as sharply defined and as highly colored as comic strip people, all set in one expected scene after another, none of them living, none of them engaging the interest of the reader or calling forth the slightest response. Anne Parrish is skillful enough as an ironist, but her irony is so obvious that it is tedious. There is not a type or a situation in her work which is not the common knowledge of any spectator of life, professional or amateur. If you have never cast a suspicious eye upon the grandiose attitudes, the noble gestures of your fellows, if you have never indulged in somewhat skeptical mirth concerning them, you may find "All Kneeling" original and wise. But important work requires on the part of its author insight into character beyond the average, and a penetrating vision. So far, Anne Parrish has not shown that she possesses those qualities.

The character sketch, twentieth century style, so common in contemporary writing, is said to be a natural reaction to the romantic novel of action and incident peopled by lay figures which was the rule a generation or so ago. When beautifully done with conviction, depth and sympathy, it is a fine thing. (Ruth Suckow's work is an illustration of that.) Generally it cannot support alone the weight of a full length novel. To do so it demands from the author an apprehension and an understanding of human nature which no superficial writer has. People are not always what they seem to be. To make a novel up wholly out of character studies an author must understand and feel those truths. The writer whose characters live and become real to his readers is he who makes them out of all the stuff of life, sets them as clearly and roundly as he can into his plot and lets them make their own way therein. The wise man says of his fellow—Behold the man as I see him, look now and say what you see. It is the fool who points out a puppet, dressed in rags and making gestures, and says—there is the man.

Carl Van Vechten and Anne Parrish are alike in following the current idiom in writing, alike in that they write lightly on a shiny surface. They use the method of the seventeenth century character writers. And they have something else in common with them. Not their style, which has none of the sonorous rhetoric, none of the nice epigrammatic tang of Jacobean days. What they share, besides method, is something less tangible. Their books are very dull.

From "The Woodcut of Today at Home and Abroad," Pub. by The Studio, Ltd.

"TURTLE"
Woodcut by Charles Kassler

Bad Advice

The Foolish Virgin by Kathleen Norris: Doubleday, Doran and Co.

WE went into a small town bookshop last week to buy a copy of "John Brown's Body" for a sixteen-year old, going abroad to school. They hadn't it in the shop, which wasn't surprising, nor reprehensible; because they are not in business for the benefit of the community however large the type in which Service is set on their letterheads, and they meet the local demands. But the clerk was full of suggestions. Among others, equally dismal, she offered "The Foolish Virgin," by Kathleen Norris, as brand new and just the book for young girls; "full of good advice: it shows what happens to girls who are careless and go with a gay crowd, and drink and smoke and take auto rides at night and all." We said thank you and left. But now "The Foolish Virgin" is among the best sellers, so bookstore clerks, far and wide, have gotten in their deadly work. Or perhaps it is fairer to say that the persistent popular taste and demand for slightly spiced sweetness has again been met and another trumpery commentary on the younger generation, on jealousy, on gossip, on gallantry in the face of social ostracism, on the risks of defying convention, and on the eventual triumph of love is being read by the daughters and mothers of America. Kathleen Norris can construct a good enough plot and can adapt to its uses perfectly plausible characters. Her success is an illustration of what can be done by a facile pen. We believe that she knows what she does, well enough. But whatever she herself thinks, or respects, or admires, or is satisfied with, she understands what her readers think, respect, admire and will praise, and she provides it.

A Philosophy of Faith

By J. DANA TASKER

"The Tower," by William Butler Yeats. The Macmillan Company.

Once there was a Yeats that sang the madness of youth. In the beginning there was a freedom, almost a wildness of imagination that found expression in haunting melodies. Now there are the more mature qualities of

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The Transfiguration of Herman Melville

(Continued from Page 811)

"Ye Heavens . . . I call to ye! If to follow Virtue to her uttermost vista, where common souls never go; if by that I take hold on Hell, and the uttermost virtue after all proves but a betraying pander to the monstrousest vice,—then close in and crush me, ye stony walls, and into one gulf let all things tumble together."

But actually, Melville recoils from the gesture of revolt—and we touch here the veritable problem of his soul, a paralyzing introspection—as he reveals in Pierre his own temporizings, falterings, regrets: the sea-rover grounded on land. He knows how the "never entirely repulsed hosts of Commonness and Conventionalism return to the charge, press hard upon the faltering soul, and with inhuman hootings deride all its nobleness. The man is as seized by the arms and legs and convulsively pulled either way by his own indecisions and doubts . . . All round and round does the world lie, as in a sharpshooter ambush to pick off the beautiful illusions of youth by the pitiless cracking rifles of the realities of the age."

Melville's revolt is thus deflected. It takes a curious midway course between that of two other "rebels" close to his time: Poe and Whitman. Poe moved fatally toward his self-destruction; and Whitman, as one conceives him, with his unclouded and simple animality, would detach himself serenely from the Philistines and wander down his open road. In Melville, all resistance subsides abruptly, as far as one can see. He schools himself to silence, to playing out tonelessly a sedate existence. But this is a mask . . .

IN 1856, in ill health, Melville made one of his last voyages, a tour as far as the Holy Land. Meeting Hawthorne in England, he declared that "all spirit of adventure was now gone from me." At this sad period he falls to writing poems as a consolation, and we know that this was deemed a very ominous sign by Mrs. Melville and his kin.

"Clarel," the long poem that relates the incidents and reflections of this tour, was privately published twenty years later. It is not a literary monument in its own right; rather a group of curious, partly effaced sculptures dedicated to the artist's interior struggle. Occasionally Melville's ear is uncanny as of old; but for the most part he is listening to voices within himself. "Clarel," above all, illuminates the "silent period."

The unthinking springtime of his life has become repulsive, and those early adventures, printed in books, seem only passing strange "to clerks, which read them by the fire." We may read hints, too, of his impending defeat. Outwardly punctilious, this *paterfamilias* has made but few gestures of resentment:

"My kin—I blame them not at heart—
Would have me act some routine part
Subserving family, and dreams
Alien to me—"

In his distress, he cries like Baudelaire, "This world clean fails me!" It concerns him, then, to find some "other world." But where? "In creed?" Alas, faith, as his friends said, was wanting in him.

Nor does the world he views, the new, democratic America of "mines and marts," offer reassurance. Democracy, he vituperates, is the "harlot on horseback . . . The great Diana of ill fame, the arch-strumpet." In a vein of prophecy he foretells how the modern civilization was preparing for the new Hun, how

"Relapse barbaric may impend,
Dismission into ages blind—moral
dispersion."

What could this "other world" he sought be composed of? One thinks, not literally, it was new fountainheads of faith and joy.

In Melville's pages there is a recurrent note of desire, a plaintive cry for some exalted form of friendship, that goes unanswered. The intensity of this secret obsession is reflected—not by chance, surely—in the most eloquent passages of "Clarel":

"Could I but meet
Some stranger of a lore replete,
Who, marking how my looks betray
The dumb thoughts clogging here my
feet,
Would question me, expound and prove
And make my heart to burn with love."

The thwarted quest for some great comrade who could read his clouded mind, whose intercourse could inspire him with joy and love—is this another unspoken defeat that deepens Melville's solitude? We recall how Hawthorne was apparently frightened at the hungriness of Melville's solicitations. We recall the friendships, the tense admirations of "White Jacket," of "Moby-Dick," of "Billy Budd." Such hopes have been "sternly repressed" in the end; there is a mysterious renunciation here:

"But for my fonder dream of love
In man toward man—the soul's
caress—
The negatives of flesh should prove
Analogies of non-cordialness—
In spirit."

A few years later and Melville has abandoned writing. In his ordeal the act of writing itself had become repugnant.

"Why then,
Remaineth to me what? The pen?
Dead factor of ethereal life!
Nor efficacious much, save when
It makes some fallacy more rife."

Before the task of imposing his views upon a hostile age, as certain supreme wills have done, he recoils.

"He suffocated in a social vacuum!" critics have exclaimed with historical compassion.

But to us, his abandonment of literature at a precocious age, when there was yet so much time to perfect himself, seems a voluntary act like that of Congreve at thirty, and Rimbaud at twenty. We know that it is more difficult to stop writing than to go on—if only for one's self!

Henceforth Melville would progress always toward more intense inward contemplation, casting off all exterior "vanities." The fragments of the "submerged" period bespeak a fatalistic philosopher whose strong point is metaphor: a mystic who shares Schopenhauer's belief in man's destiny of suffering, escape from which lies only in the intellectual rapture of the fakir seeking *Nirvana*.

Despising his literary past, he would not even permit his name to be used publicly. In 1889, when he was an old man of seventy, a letter came from a foreign admirer requesting information as to his methods. Melville replies:

" . . . After nearly twenty years as an outdoor custom-house officer, I have but lately come into possession of unobstructed leisure, but only just as, in the course of nature, my vigor sensibly declines. What little of it is left I husband for certain matters as yet incom-

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Gloag and Walker's Home Life in History Coward-McCann

There will be histories of 19th Century America written in the 25th Century. They will deal exhaustively with the war, with political movements and economic theories, with the lives and activities of important men, with the things, in short, which actually touch our daily life indirectly and occasionally. Of the conditions of this life, of our homes, the dinners we eat, the clothes we wear—the activities that surround you as you read this—history will have little to say. Yet to the ordinary man these are historically the interesting things, which is the reason why we found this book so fascinating. After all, wars and riots and pestilences were the exceptional things in those days, as in ours. And even in the midst of them, life went on much the same. It is this ordinary life which is described so carefully in eighteen pictures of various members of an imaginary family, the first in 200 B.C., the last in 1926 A.D. The expressed intention of the book is to answer three questions about the people of each period: Where did they live? How did they live? What did they think and talk about? It answers them well and entertainingly, and gave us a better picture of the state of culture in England in each period than we ever got from the history books.

Anthony Berkeley's The Silk Stocking Murders Doubleday-Doran

Truly awful was the epidemic of suicides among the young ladies of the theatrical world. First one, then another, would screw a hook into the door of her room and hang herself to it with one of her own silk stockings. Roger Sheringham thought all this rather queer, investigated it, and with the help of a girl, several dozen Scotland Yard employees, and the author, brought the murderer to justice. A good deal of time was lost by the inspectors and commissioners sitting around and telling each other what a difficult case this was. But the author didn't let them down, and the Yard's reputation was saved. We were puzzled by the use in conversation of the phrase "I'll buy it" until it occurred to us that it was probably an English author's rendering of the American slang "I'll bite."

The Red Thread in the Mexican Maze

(Continued from Page 805)

Barra, became President under the Constitution, pending an election.

The news of the resignation of Diaz galvanized forces of unrest and they responded to the propaganda of the radicals. Recruits of the so-called Liberator Army and new ringleaders of revolution sprang up to pillage towns, assassinate peaceful people and take possession of their property, according to the precepts of the radical doctrine. Overnight the blaze became a conflagration. The victorious mob which followed Madero in his triumphal progress to Mexico City inaugurated a reign of terror and the country collapsed in bloody strife.

Aboard the steamer which took him to Europe after his resignation, Diaz received news of the excesses committed by the "Liberator Army" on its march to the capital. He said, deeply touched:

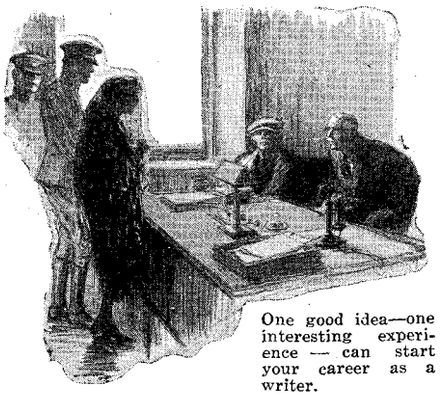
"They have loosed the wild beasts; we shall see who can fasten them again."

Diaz went into voluntary exile in Paris, where he lived quietly until his death during the World War. His body was placed in the Cathedral Abbey of St. Dennis, and all Allied governments paid signal honors to his memory.

With his passing, Mexico suffered the irreparable loss of her greatest patriot and statesman, her one and only powerful and just ruler; and the United States lost the truest friend this nation has known south of the Rio Grande.

To summarize the situation at this point, the government at Washington through carelessness or ignorance, permitted the destruction of the most powerful barrier against Communism in Latin America, and by so doing allowed the enemy to start a flank movement against the United States.

Next week Mr. Villegan will take up the story of the motives that lay back of the Madero and Huerta movements, and their meaning.



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From Subscribers

More "Protestantism in Politics". The Rev. Dr. Cady, the writer of this letter, is Executive Secretary of The American Missionary Association—An Organization of The Congregational Churches

Dear Mr. Abbott:

I have read with interest and astonishment the article in The Outlook of August 29th. My astonishment arises from two sources. First, that The Outlook should have printed such an attack on the Protestant clergymen for doing what The Outlook, as I have understood, has always advocated. I do not mean the attack on the Protestant Church for its attitude on prohibition, but the attack on the fundamental principle that the clergy should interest itself in every phase of social reform.

I have been a subscriber of The Outlook for about thirty-five years and a constant reader of it. I was drawn to it because of the liberal theology of Dr. Lyman Abbott and for his personal and editorial interest in the social questions of the day. I have now his classic book on "Christianity and Social Problems" comprising, as he says, essays and editorials in The Outlook and *sermons* in Plymouth Church. I commend them again to the attention of the Editors of The Outlook. Dr. Abbott was the first to refuse to stand at one side idly watching the stream of social evil rampaging by while he contented himself "preaching the Gospel and saving souls." He differed with many of us in our opinions on temperance but he never told us to mind our own business when we were struggling to abolish the saloon.

I have been astonished at the mis-informed mind of Mr. Hinman as to what is meant by the division of the Church and State and the attitude of present day Protestantisms in regard to it. The illustration that he uses of the Catholic Church in Mexico is an insult to the intelligence of the readers of The Outlook, unless they have changed, and to the Prostestant Church. There is yet to be found a single instance where the Protestant Church in America has attempted to influence the Government in its favor. The Protestant Church in its political activities has never asked for favors for itself, never sought for preferential privileges, never sought to gain a strangle hold on the Government that it might hobble any other church—certainly not since the adoption of the Constitution. In contrast read the history of the Catholic Church in Mexico. Whatever influence it has brought to bear upon the Government or for the passing of laws, has been in the interest of not only the Protestants but for the Catholics, the Christian Scientist or the Holy Rollers. Mr. Hinman as a Protestant should know this and should have been generous enough to make the distinction. These meddlesome Protestant clergymen may have been mistaken as to what was the best good for the people, but their organized activities have been for all the people and not to build up their own sect. If at any time the clergy of the Federal Council, which is in many ways the voice of the united Protestant conscience, seeks to use its massed influence or authority for special privileges, there will be found ranged against it thousands of us who stand now as we have always stood, for the perfect freedom of every man—Catholic or otherwise—to worship God in his own way.

When the author uses the words "the lust of the clergy for temporal power", he must be aware that the words have a very definite and sinister historical meaning. If he uses the words intelligently, then we respectfully submit that nothing could be more false. But, if he means that the Protestant clergy have a "lust" and a determination to make our national and international relations conform to the mind of Christ, then we plead guilty for we are definitely committed to the program of answering our own prayer "Thy kingdom come and thy will be done on earth, as in heaven" as God gives us the wisdom to see it.

But Mr. Hinman goes further in his misunderstanding and therefore his misinforming. He seems utterly ignorant of the causes and the object of this invasion of the clergy into public affairs. Some of us started out with a fervid evangelical zeal to save souls and bring them into a personal and intimate relation with God but on every side we found ourselves strangely balked. We found that we were just pulling out an individual here and there while the others were being thrown in by the thousands by influences farther up the stream. We found that the souls were strangely responsive to their environment. We found that the material and the spiritual were inextricably woven together in this world we live in. We went down the road to Jericho and bound up the wounded and took them to the Inn and out of our Charity Fund paid their bills and the next morning we found we had to do it all over again and then we concluded to clean the robbers out, make the road safe and reduce the population of the Inn. We found that saving souls themselves compelled us to change their environment and we found ourselves plunged into the questions of Tenements, Poverty, Labor, Wages, Food. We sought out the sources of the strangle hold these had on our people, and backtracking we found ourselves climbing the steps of the City Hall, the State House and the National Capitol. We were out to save the souls of men and give them a fighting chance—we did not turn back and if we had, Mr. Hinman would have been content merely to stand in our pulpits to proclaim "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

Here is the genesis of the entrance of the clergy into politics in temperance reform. We sat in our studies and watched a string of men and women and children pass through bringing their woes and their needs. We went out on our parish calls and entered the homes and there we saw the ravages of the liquor evil. We relieved poverty of wives and children whose fathers had spent Saturday night's pay roll in the corner saloon. We buried drunken fathers broken by the poison of liquor taken in the "Workmen's Club." The story is too long to tell and would not need telling if some had not forgotten in a short ten years what a damnable thing it was. And when we sought for the roots of the thing we found it in politics. The saloon was interested in politics long before the Anti-Saloon League was born and we had to carry the fight behind its ramparts. We had tracked the tiger to his lair and we did not propose to fire a few futile shots in the air and go home to bed. We went in to get him—we are there now and there we shall stay. The liquor interests were never in politics more than just now. When Governor Smith sent his telegram repudiating the platform of the Democratic party and when he chose Mr. Raskob, an out and out enemy of Prohibition, he served notice that the question of Prohibition was in politics. They have chosen the arena and we accept the challenge. We are there and there to stay. We may be temporarily defeated this fall; if so, the fight is not over, it has just begun.

Pardon another illustration which Mr. Hinman has used to portray these "meddlesome Matties."

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Presumably Mr. Hinman as a Protestant must believe in the duty of the church to extend itself "going into all the world to preach the Gospel." Ah! if they would only tend to preaching the Gospel and leave politics to politicians! Well, in pursuance of that command of Jesus we went to Japan and built up a splendid constituency. Our colleges, our schools, our Kumai churches, our graduates in the national councils told of our success. All at once our smooth sailing bark shivered from end to end and stopped. We struck a reef. Let me quote the words of Rev. Toyohika Kagawa: "Immediately after the earthquake a great wave of religion set in. People, because of their losses, were turning to Christianity by the thousands. I preached twenty-four nights continuously in Tokyo. Three hundred thousand people listened even when I charged a small fee. Nearly six thousand became Christians ..... And then suddenly came the exclusion act. All this work was undone instantly. For a month after the passage of the bill I could not preach for fear of attack. The people said "Christianity is from America, we have no ears for this doctrine!" With a generosity which we Nordics would not have been equal to if the case were reversed, Mr. Kagawa humorously said, "We have learned that there are two kinds of people in America—Christians and Senators."

But what would Hinman *et al* have us do? We find that the bill excluded the Japanese from the two per cent schedule and only admitting a possible 140 Japanese in a year, has become the greatest obstacle to the bringing of men nearer God in Japan. Suddenly we find that the way to Japan is via Washington. A modicum of understanding of strategy would see that the Christian Church cannot rest until in the interests of Justice, fair play and the Golden Rule—but even more of its success in Japan—the Japanese are given equal treatment by our nation. To paraphrase Emerson, Japan is saying, "What you do in America thunders so loudly in our ears that we cannot hear what you say in Japan."

Some years ago Dean Brown of Yale delivered some lectures in which the dominant note was "let my people go that they *may* worship me." The souls of men are not fully free to worship God when bound down so often by poverty, disease, inadequate wages, inebriety and social environment forced on them by a mal-ordered society. To all such material handicaps the true prophet of the spirit will continue to cry out "let my people go" and if this be treason, etc., etc.

George Luther Cady.

My dear Mr. Cady:

Although you tell me that you have sent your communication "as an open letter to The Outlook" to be published elsewhere, The Outlook, contrary to your expectations, believes it to be of general interest to its readers and is therefore printing it with this answer. You will agree with me, I am sure, that if your letter is published elsewhere it will be only fair to have this answer coupled with it. Will you write to the editor to whom you have sent it asking that this be done?

Your answers to Mr. Hinman's argument are very welcome. So far from resenting discussion of articles in The Outlook, we greet with delight every evidence that views expressed by contributors to The Outlook have aroused thought. If Mr. Hinman's article seemed to you worth the time and pains you took to answer it, we are satisfied. We could ask nothing more of you.

If your letter were only an answer to Mr. Hinman, we should be glad to print it without comment. But when it finds fault with the Outlook for printing Mr. Hinman's view, it becomes also an encyclical on the editorial function, and to that extent I think it shows a grievous misconception of The Outlook's spirit and purpose. Ever since I have known it, The Outlook has habitually printed articles from varying points of view. When it has thought that its own views would be of interest to its readers without being protruded too much upon the views of its welcome contributors, it has expressed them; but even then it has presented them only that they might take their chances with those of others. Whether The Outlook disagreed with Mr. Hinman or not, it would at any time have printed so cogent an expression of ideas that deserve a hearing. The impression that Protestant church leaders have made upon Mr. Hinman has also been made upon others and if wrong it should be corrected; but it will never be corrected unless it is forcefully made known.

You refer to my father's views of the function of the Church in relation to social problems. Of these views I believe I can speak with knowledge. Certainly some of the views that you seem to think he held were not his. I cannot go into detail; but if you have access to the files of The Outlook I suggest that you look up the signed editorial by him in the issue of September 22, 1920. In that editorial he stated his reasons for believing it a mistake for a Church body to investigate and pass judgment on the steel strike. I think you may get a general trend of his view from this passage: "It was not the purpose of Jesus to give the world new laws or new institutions, religious or secular. He came to give the world new *life*, 'the life of God in the soul of man;' and he trusted that life to work out the necessary reconstructions of forms and institutions. Doubtless they were to be worked out by his disciples, but not directly by his Church."

A sentence of your letter seems to betray that attitude on the part of many church leaders of today against which the protest voiced by Mr. Hinman is directed. This is the sentence; "But if he means that the Protestant clergy have a 'lust' and a determination to make our national and international relations conform to the mind of Christ, then we plead guilty, for we are definitely committed to the program of answering our own prayer, 'Thy kingdom come and thy will be done on earth, as in heaven,' as God gives us the wisdom to see it." It was precisely this attitude of mind in the Church that created the Inquisition. It is very easy for ecclesiastics to confuse their own will for the mind of Christ, and then to insist that others shall conform to it. Jesus never sought to impose his will, never suggested that his disciples should seek to impose his will—much less their interpretation of his will—upon others. For ecclesiastics—Protestant or Catholic—to do so is, it seems to me, for ecclesiastics themselves not to conform to the mind of Christ but to depart from it. That they are determined to make others conform is of itself proof that what they are imposing is not Christ's will but their own.

In attempting to make others conform, churches and church-leaders may be actuated by unselfish motives. They may not be asking "favors for themselves" or seeking "to hobble any other church." That has nothing to do with the point. Good intentions are not sufficient credentials for those who claim for themselves the right to speak for God.

I heartily agree with you that the material and spiritual are inextricably interwoven. If churches and ministers confine themselves to doctrines about a future life beyond death, they invite their own doom. A religion that is not concerned with character here and now decays into superstition. I agree with you that the individual is responsive to his environment. If churches and ministers confine themselves to the life of the individual, they are false to

(Please turn to Page 838)

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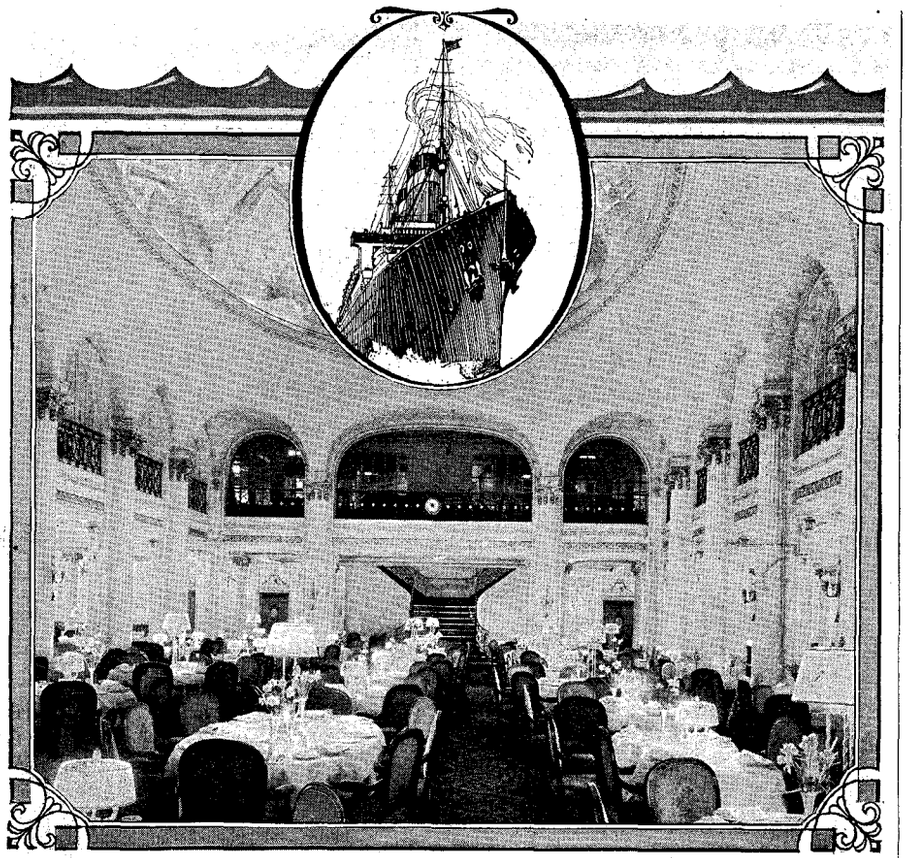

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The Transfiguration of Herman Melville

(Continued from Page 832)

plete, and which indeed may never be completed."

In these closing months, after some thirty years, Melville had resumed writing a novel, "Billy Budd." The old obsessions are here; it is a sea story which revives Jack Chase, the hero of "White-Jacket," magnificent and noble human specimen . . . It has Melville's love of "innocence" that is stronger than evil, and also his passion for analyzing "the mystery of iniquity."

Nearly two generations had passed him by; the pullulating life of America rolled on noisily, elbowing this forgotten man in the streets of New York. If there was struggle within the aged Melville, he was all passiveness to the outer world, he who would once have taken ship for some barbarous coast at the sign of disturbance in his soul.

The Big Boy of Hollywood

(Continued from Page 808)

sary to keep Jannings' pictures somewhere nearly up to standard. For a European audience will not swallow the doses of trash that are eagerly gulped by the native consumer.

Another and less obvious explanation, I believe, is that there is generally a dawning glimmer of intelligence in America's fourth largest industry. I cannot justify this bold statement mathematically, but I can at least say that I have seen four pictures in the last month which bore a distinct relation to real life. To enlarge on this exciting thing, however, would require a whole article. Returning to Jannings, there is undoubtedly something in a remark made to me by several motion picture officials; that five years ago the current Jannings' subjects could not conceivably have gone over in this country. Whatever the explanation, they are going over now, although the German is still a big town star. Gopher Prairie passes him by.

With all the optimism in the world, however, there is still a gap between Jannings and his American producers of which both parties are conscious. There is little chance, for instance, that he will be allowed to film the character he most desires to portray, and that is Eugene O'Neill's Emperor Jones. The producers have informed him that to do so would impair his American popularity. Another racial problem which

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has impressed him here, however, is the Jewish one, and as that has fewer box-office complications he will probably make a Jewish immigrant picture sooner or later.

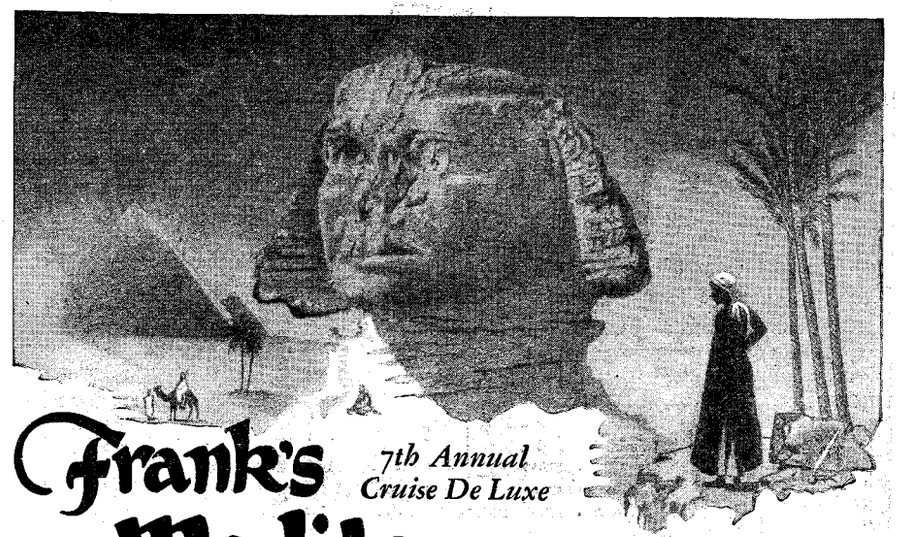
There is no doubt that he contributes thinking to his pictures, as well as acting. I do not know how valuable these contributions are in matters of plot, and indeed it is rumored that the great man can be as fractious and agreeable as the weather. Also, when a picture is in the arguing stage, he takes himself heavily from one person's office to the other, indulging in the popular sport of studio intrigue as he conceives it. He does it lamentably, and they all see through him, and nobody is offended. For he is the great Jannings, with the artless and irresponsible soul of a child.

As I have suggested before, his private enjoyments are simple; food, and fame, and "looking at the ladies," —the last his own admission. He cannot be called the intellectual type. The great and distinguishing thing he brings to his work is a profound, intuitive sense of character. Even his Teutonic patience is jarred by heroes and "heavies," and he explains to the movie world, with a trace of irritation, that the creatures do not exist. In his latest picture he was first supposed to take the more sympathetic rôle of the patriot himself. But he insisted on playing Czar Paul, to prove that even that personage was not a heavy. His villain is a paranoiac instead. So that the spectator, while duly appalled at the cruel and monstrous figure of the czar, catches himself wondering at certain moments whether psychoanalysis would not have done something for him.

The public loves to hear that its actors live their rôles, and Jannings, in this respect, is a heaven-sent boon to the publicity department. He lives his rôles with such fervor that on occasions when he has been playing a sour and gloomy old man Mrs. Jannings has fled to a beach resort. When he is acting, all dircctions have to be accompanied by lengthy explanations, for he will not make the slightest gesture until its meaning has soaked into his conception of the part. An executive put his finger on it rather well by saying, "He cannot react falsely to anything." More revealing still, however, is the keen observation made by Lothar Mendes: "Other actors stiffen before the camera. Jannings relaxes."

In meeting him, too, one is struck by his utter relaxation. Whether it is genius or hokum I will let somebody else decide, but in his presence one succumbs to the same quality that unhorses one's critical faculties in his acting. An inner voice murmurs, unbidden: "This man is great."

It must be this enviable faculty of his which has had such a potent effect on Hollywood. Nowhere is the Jannings legend, if it is a legend, more solemnly believed than it is by his cynical neighbors. What feelings may be nourished underneath I do not know, but on the surface of discussion, in this strange colony of mercenary, temperamental and gifted people, Jannings is accepted as a giant, above all studio rivalries. A good supporting part in a Jannings film is a feather in almost any one's cap. Charming leading ladies, featured in their own pictures, jump at the chance to appear with him, and are flattered almost out of their twenty-seven dollar shoes if he shows particular affiability toward them.



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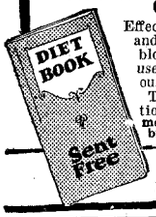

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Cool Heads and Hot Hearts

(Continued from page 827)

who was not an actor, and of another that he wanted no backfield that could not work the "shell game." This latter insisted on actual practice with the three shells and the little pea from time to time. Perhaps a long way to go in teaching a mere game, but vivid demonstration seems to be the thing these days in football as well as in other forms of instruction.

Deception in the use of the lateral pass has already been used in action. In most cases it has been primitive—a reliance on the feeling that the opposing eleven would be so astonished by a brilliant play already completed that it would expect no further eventualities. Thus it was that in a game against Chicago some years ago the then famous "Red" Grange threw a deep forward pass on the run to a downfield receiver, who had turned clear around to face the pass. There was a long gain on this play already in hand, but Grange kept on going. He was left uncovered, with the result that he took a backward pass from the man who had completed the forward fling for a further substantial gain. I happen to know that this same play was in the attacking repertory of at least two other Western and one other Eastern team at the same time. Simply, they did not happen to be shown in public, and therefore could not be written about. Further, when Warner at Stanford, comes out with the statement that "The rules were made for me and mine" one suspects that he has something up his sleeve in the way of the new pass. Certain coaches who opposed the lateral pass forgot that in the rules committee's scheme of things a comparatively obscure instructor had as much right to be heard as those whose outgivings come damp from the press to the breakfast table all over the country.

As a matter of fact this whole trend in the modern game comes down to banishing what used to be known as the "ball fear." This curse once eliminated from the game, the opportunities so far as passing is concerned, are almost without limitation. The "ball fear" of the old days has been eliminated simply through the greater practise with the Rugby ball in the back lots and in the schools on the part of boys who in the old days devoted almost their entire time to handling a baseball. Today we have young men coming up to the colleges to whom a football is something to hand around like a visiting card. It is they who have changed the whole aspect of the game, and I do not think they are through with it yet.

From The Life

(Continued from Page 822)

would not be partisan to such a trial.

The bird swung on its perch inside the brass cage and turned its little head inquiringly from one side to the other as it looked about the courtroom.

"Put it down," said the judge.

The canary, undismayed, looked thoughtfully at the judge. Then at the dignitaries of the court, and at last spied its master. It hopped clear across the cage in an effort to be nearer him.

"Come closer to the bird," the judge ordered the woman, and the defendant —quieter now—obeyed. The canary turned its bright little head and looked at the woman.

The few seconds that followed might have been a pool of silence holding the agony of a terrified creature. Nothing could be heard save the flutter and beat of struggling wings against brass bars.

Then the room was filled with the sudden rush of suppressed excited voices, as quickly silenced by the gavel of the judge.

The canary bird had won its decree of divorce.

From Subscribers

(Continued from page 835)

the faith they avow. That surely is a faith in an ideal society of mankind.

But neither ministers nor churches are experts in psychology, or sociology, or economics, or politics. When intelligent people want information on these subjects they go elsewhere. Neither are ministers or churches public authorities endowed with power to establish their will as the law or even the custom of the land.

Experts, however, they are or should be—experts in knowledge of the spirit and purpose of the Master they acknowledge. And authority they have or should have—the authority of character.

Whatever knowledge they can get about psychology, or sociology, or economics, or politics may serve them as it serves others or mislead them if it is dangerously small; but it will not make them experts. Their real expertness will consist in embodying the spirit of their religion in their own lives.

Whatever authority they may assert as descending through their organization will be effective with those who acknowledge its validity, but with none others. Their real authority is that which all men acknowledge when they recognize truth or beauty, whether it be the truth of a parable or the beauty of a masterpiece of literature, painting, or music, or of a life.

With such expertness and such authority churches and ministers have before them the whole world of human beings as their laboratory. Laws alone will never solve the question of industry, of racial relations, of temperance. Laws are forms. They are useless unless they express a spirit. It is with the spirit not the form that the Church is concerned.

If the Church has faith in the spirit of the Master it serves, it will welcome free discussion and the test of every kind of knowledge. It will not try to impose its will on others, but so attempt to serve as to make its spirit contagious. So employed, the Church will have neither time nor desire to dabble in politics, and there will be no problem of Church and State.

Very sincerely yours,
ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from page 831)

perception and understanding; the music is slower and more majestic. The love songs and the plaintive moods of those earlier days have given way to a calm acceptance of life.

Reconciliation is the note that Yeats strikes time and time again in "The Tower." But in his case the process of growing old has been unaccompanied by a transitional period of doubt and possible bitterness. From youth he has passed almost directly to the wisdom of a somewhat mellow age. This latest collection of his verse is full of reaction and reconciliation, which is in marked contrast to the lyric dreams wherein his greatest fame will rest.

The title poem is by no means the best in the volume, yet it sounds the key-note of the group. From the "tower" the poet looks out upon a vast panorama of life, where men and civilizations are contrarious as the winds. The change in himself first arrests attention:

> What shall I do with this absurdity—
> O heart, O troubled heart—this caricature,
> Decrepit age that has been tied to me
> As to a dog's tail?

To this situation in which his imagination ironically seems as "excited, passionate, fantastical" as in boyhood, and to the other changes in the world that lies outspread before him, he answers:

> It seems that I must bid the Muse go pack,
> Choose Plato and Plotinus for a friend
> Until imagination, ear and eye,
> Can be content with argument and deal
> In abstract things; or be derided by
> A sort of battered kettle at the heel.

The other poems in the book are done in much the same state of mind. "Meditations in Time of Civil War," "Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen," and "A Man Young and Old," three of the best longer pieces, show a similarly keen observation that is tempered into a calm acceptance. There is much here that may be valued as the autobiographical materials of the life of a great modern poet. The latter part of "The Tower" sums up a whole remarkable philosophy:

> I choose upstanding men, . . .
> And I declare my faith; . . .
> And further add to that
> That, being dead, we rise,
> Dream and so create
> Transular Paradise.
> I have prepared my peace
> With learned Italian things
> And the proud stones of Greece,
> Poet's imaginings
> And memories of love,
> Memories of the words of women,
> All those things whereof
> Man makes a superhuman,
> Mirror-resembling dream.

Yes, this is a different, a far different, still a very great Yeats.

In Spite of Hokum

By MILTON BYRON

"A Little Clown Lost," by Barry Benefield. The Century Company.

WE read Benefield's "The Chicken Wagon Family" with undefiled joy and enthusiasm, mingled with high hopes for the future. We were a little uncertain about his next effort, a collection of stories called "Short Turns." Some of these were exquisite and some of them were unbelievably poor. We did not read "Bugles in The Night," and our friends tell us we were lucky. Now, here we are with a great problem on our hands. We are not quite sure whether or not we like this book as well as "The Chicken Wagon Family." And, worse yet, we don't know just how to explain it to those of you who shared our enthusiasm for his first book. It may be that like many another good man he played himself out in his first effort, but something keeps whispering in our ear that a lot of people will like this even better than "The Chicken Wagon Family."

Why not tell us something about it, you say? Because that would be taking an awful risk. The chances are you never would read it then—and you would be missing something. It is doubtful if many readers have ever stopped to realize how little material Barry Benefield needs to write a superb story; upon what flimsy foundations he erects his skyscrapers. He can and does take the most commonplace characters and the most hackneyed plots and weave them into fanciful and beautiful tales. The present volume is no exception to the rule except that upon analysis it is found to be composed of even more than the usual amount of hokum. Not that we feel it was used intentionally; it probably just occurred and he had perfect faith in his ability to get away with it. And he does! We defy you to realize the many deficiencies in this book as you read it. It is only in those cool, calculating moments after having finished a book that one becomes conscious of the extraordinary number of literary devices used to further the ends of this story.

Merely by way of proving our point, and with no thought of scaring you away, let us mention; a boy and girl marrying before completing their education, only to have the girl run away for fear of hampering her husband's career; a clown who laughed through her tears; a husband and wife starting life over again on a farm; and a man whose love for alcohol was greater than his love for his wife and family. Imagine that in the hands of any other author!

But every one who has read any of Benefield's books realizes that he is not "any other author." It is difficult, we realize, for any one to imagine a good book growing out of the above sketchily outlined plot, but that is, nevertheless, exactly what happens. Fundamentally, this story is tragic and pathetic with just the proper amount of comedy relief. The characters are distinctly real and lovable, and although they do unaccountable things, the reader is enabled to see their viewpoint and sympathize with them. There is a scene in which Hal Denham, a genial dipsomaniac, returns from one of his periodic sprees with a coterie of tramps and commandeers all the resources of the estate to entertain them royally for three or four days. This scene, in addition to affording some very nice comedy, is utilized by Mr. Benefield to strengthen the pathos of the whole picture and to present Denham struggling with his alter ego from one moment to the next. And there are few more tense moments in contemporary literature than that in which Hal Denham and Shep Tideboy, both confined to wheelchairs, sit at opposite ends of a veranda armed with pistols waiting for the clock to strike three.

This is an excellent book due solely to the fact that it was written by Harry Benefield.

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